



M^r. BANNISTER in the Character of Captⁿ. Dreadnought.

Fire!—now the Elements do rattle.

Published as the Act directs Jan^y. 1st. 1788, by A. Clough, N^o. 23. Rastliffe Highway.



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T H E

ROYALTY SONGSTER.

STAND to your GUNS.

SUNG BY Mr. BANNISTER.

STAND to your guns my hearts of oak,
Let not a word on board be spoke;
Victory soon will crown the joke,
Be silent and be ready:
Ram home your guns, and sponge them well,
Let us be sure the balls will tell;
The cannons roar shall sound their knell;
Be steady, boys, be steady:
Not yet, nor yet, nor yet, reserve your fire;
I do desire, not yet, nor yet, nor yet: fire.

Now the elements do rattle,
The Gods amaz'd behold the battle:
A broadside my boys:
See the blood in purple tide,
Trickle down her batter'd side:
Wing'd with fate, the bullets fly,
Conquer boys, or bravely die;
Hurl destruction on our foes;
She sinks, she sinks, she sinks, huzza!
To the bottom, down she goes.

A 2

Royalty.

R O N D O.

Hush ev'ry breeze, let nothing move,
 My Susan sings, and sings of love;
 Around the winning graces wait,
 And blest contentment guards the seat.

In this sweet shade my Susan stay,
 Expose not charms more sweet than May;
 The sun now rages in his noon;
 'Tis pity sure to part so soon.

Oh hear me, Susan, hear me now,
 Incline propitious to my vow;
 Oh may thy charms no changes prove,
 But bloom for ever like my love.

S O N G.

Ah lovely sleeper does thy breast
 With love still constant burn;
 Does no kind dream disturb thy rest,
 Or whisper my return.

Awake, awake my lovely dear,
 Awake to love and me;
 Ah! hope, and love, and anxious fear,
 Keep me awake for thee.

S O N G.

Dear Susan, come my sweet one,
 How can you be delaying;
 Why don't you come to greet one:
 I'll tousel you for staying:
 I pray make haste, no time let's waste,
 Upon your lips I want to feast,
 And kifs and play, both night and day,
 With pretty Sue, my sweet one.

Royalty.

Come, come my life, my honey,
 And see what I have for you;
 Oh faith 'twill make you funny,
 And other lasses sorry:
 It is a ring, a precious thing,
 Both joy and pleasure it will bring;
 We'll kifs and play, both night and day,
 My sweet my pretty Susan.

S O N G.

Oh I hop'd, but hop'd in vain,
 William was come back again!
 'Tis his face, his shape, his name,
 But the youth is not the same.

Where is now that tender sigh,
 Where the fondly wishing eye;
 Where the hearts tumultous beat,
 Dancing joys when lovers meet.

S O N G.

In fortune's arms the rich are poor;
 Uneasy, striving still to hitch her,
 Give me but health, I ask no more,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

A friend so rare, a girl so fair,
 With such what mortal can be richer;
 Give me but these a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

Let fortune's insects fly my door,
 And in her sun-shine sportive nitch her:
 May those be rich, who think me poor,
 With my sweet girl, a friend and pitcher.

A friend so rare, &c.

Royalty.

S O N G.

While others now rove without rest on the ocean,
 As avarice, whim, or ambition inspire ;
 Be their's honors, prizes and unbought promotion :
 I still shall live happy without the desire.

For them foreign climates may spread out their pleasures,
 For them treasures ripen in India's bright blaze,
 With Susan, dear Susan I find greater treasures,
 My fair-one with rapture shall crown all my days.

But shou'd e'er the foes, whose proud backs we have
 Refuse to our flag the submission they owe, (pickled,
 I'd kiss off the tear that down Susans cheek trickled,
 The shamrock can't rest, while the sod has a foe.

Till then with dear Susan where fame never prattles,
 My oxen I'll pasture, or reap my ripe corn,
 And raise future sailors, to fight Britons battles,
 With Hoods and with Rodneys, that yet are unborn,

S O N G.

BY THE IRISH PRIEST.

If in the straight path, I your priest your steps guide,
 And if you advance backward by going aside,
 When naked we rise, I won't stand in the coat,
 Of a lamb in the flock, that is, Barney, a goat.
 Sing balinamono oro, &c.
 Your innocent lambs are for me.

To love what is good, they say marks a good monk,
 But with the ungodly pray never get drunk ;
 Or run after punks when by taking a wife,
 Dear Barney, you know, you may have one for life ;
 Sing balinamono, &c.
 And the snug little guinea for me.

Besides you must know, case you never have try'd,
 They're the best of your days, when you first take a bride,

Royalty.

How sweet are the blushes, her voice that's quite soft,
Yet when she is silent, she then says the most ;

Sing balinamono, &c.

Married folks are the people for me.

Then at every christ'ning your cup it runs o'er,
And the greater the pains, why the pleasure's the more ;
But mournings the joy that surpasses all these,
For no husbands I'm sure will grudge burial fees :

Sing balinamono, &c.

Oh that's the best harvest for me.

S O N G.

Mr. W. PALMER.

If Susan shou'd give me the bag,

ri-tol-ol-ol id-ido,

To town I can trundle my cag,

tol-der-ol-ol-ol id-ido ;

'Tis there Fortune favors the wit,

ri-tol-ol-ol-id-ido,

Flesh from another man's spit,

tol-der-ol-ol-ol id-ido,

And any strange Fish or Baloon,

lalar-al-ar-al-al-aral-al,

Grows plump at the full of the Moon,

tol-lol-lol-lol.

I've only to cut a great dash,

ri-tol-ol.

And Tradesmen will wait for the Cash ;

At Jonathan's I may have luck,

If not I am but a lame Duck ;

From Duns when as poor as a Mouse,

I'll find a hole into the house.

At Boodle's I'll tip them the slight,

And make all those pay that won't fight :

Royalty.

With laurels I'll take a few jaunts,
To Scotland with Girls or grand Aunts;
And get in the road to Whitehall,
A ribbon or string luck is all.

The DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

When my money was gone that I gain'd in the Wars,
And the world 'gan to frown on my fate,
What matter'd my zeal, or my honored Scars,
When indifference stood at each gate.

The face that would smile when my purse was well
Shew'd a different aspect to me ; (lin'd,
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hied once again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the shore ;
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle, alas ! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw ;
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubl'd by far than my mind,
For when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And fortune a slippery jade.

And vow'd if once more, I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
That the turbulent winds and the billows cou'd shew,
More kindness than they did to me.

Royalty.

ANACREONTIC SONG.
SUNG BY Mr. BANNISTER.

To Anacreon in heav'n, where he sat in full glee.

A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron would be.

When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian :

" Voice, fiddle, and flute,

" No longer be mute,

" I'll lend ye my name, and inspire ye to boot;

" And, besides, I'll instruct ye like me to intwine

" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

The news through Olympus immediately flew;

When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs :

" If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,

" The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.

" Hark already they cry,

" In transports of joy,

" Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,

" And there, with good fellows, we'll learn to intwine

" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

" The yellow-hair'd god and his nine lusty maids

" From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee :

" Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,

" And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be :

" My thunder no fear on't,

" Shall soon do its errand;

" And damn me, I'll swinge the ringleaders, I warrant;

" I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to twine

" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo rose up, and said, " pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,

" Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below :

" Your thunder is useless."--Then shewing his laurel,

Cried, "*Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!

Royalty.

" Then over each head

" My laurel I'll spread,

" So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread,

" While, snug in their club-room, they jovially twine

" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus rose up, with his risible phiz,
And swore with Apollo he'd chearfully join.

" The full tide of harmony still shall be his,

" But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall be

" Then Jove, be not jealous mine:

" Of these honest fellows."

Cried Jove, " we relent, since the truth you now tell us:

" And swear by old Styx, that they long shall intwine

" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand;

Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love:

'Tis your's to support what's so happily plann'd;

You've the sanction of gods and the fiat of Jove.

While thus we agree,

Our toast let it be,

May our club flourish happy, united and free;

And long may the sons of Anacreon intwine

The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

C A T C H.

For Three Voices.

Hark the bonny Christ-church bells, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,

They sound so woundy great, so wond'rous sweet,

And they troul so merrily, merrily.

Hark! the first and second bell, that every day at four
and ten,

Cry come, come, come, come, come to pray'rs,

And the verger trips before the dean.

Tingle, tingle ting. goes the small bell, at nine,

To call the berer's home

But the de'il a man will leave his can

Till he hears the mighty Tom.

Royalty.

G L E E.

For Three Voices.

We three archers be,
 Rangers that rove through the north country,
 Lover's of ven'son and liberty,
 That value not honors nor money.

We three good fellows be,
 That never yet ran from three times three,
 Quarter-staff, broad-sword, or bowmanry,
 But give us fair play for our money.

We three merry-men be,
 At a las, or a glas, under a green-wood tree,
 Jocundly chaunting our ancient glee,
 Though we have not a penny of money.

G L E E.

For Four Voices.

Hark ! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins to rise ;
 His steeds to water at those springs,
 On chalic'd flow'rs that lies.
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes,
 With ev'ry thing, that pretty is ;
 My lady sweet, arise.

G L E E.

For Three Voices.

Now we're met, like jovial fellows,
 Let us do as wise men tell us,
 Sing old rose and burn the bellows.
 When the bowl with claret glows,
 And wisdom shines upon the nose,
 O then's the time to sing old rose,
 And burn the bellows.

Royalty.

D U E T.

Roy

SUNG BY Mr. ARROWSMITH and MASTER BRAHAM,

Time has not thin'd my flowing hair,
 Nor bent me with his iron hand :
 Ah ! why so soon, the blossom tear ;
 Ere autumn yet the fruit demand.
 Let me enjoy the chearful day,
 'Til many a year has o'er me roll'd :
 Pleas'd let me trifle life away,
 And sing of love e're I grow old.

A D M I R A L B E N B O W.

SUNG BY Mr. BANNISTER,

Oh we sail'd to Virginia,
 And from thence to Fial ;
 Oh we water'd our shipping,
 And so we weigh'd all :
 Being in view of the sea boys,
 Seven sail we did espy :
 Oh we hoisted our top-sails,
 And we sail'd speedily.

The very first we came up withal,
 Was a brig, and a sloop :
 Oh we ask'd if the other five
 Were as big as they did look ;
 But turning to the windward,
 As near as we could lay,
 We found them to be French men of war,
 A cruizing hard by.—

Oh we drew up our Squadron
 In a very nice line,
 And we fought them courageously,
 For near four hours time ;

Royalty.

But the day being spent,
 And the night coming on,
 Oh we let them alone
 Until the next morn.

Oh the very next morning
 The engagement proved hot;
 When brave Admiral Benbow,
 Received a chain shot;
 And when he was wounded,
 To his merry mates he did say,
 Take me up in your arms boys,
 And carry me away.

The guns, they did rattle,
 And the bullets did fly;
 Whilst brave Admiral Benbow,
 For help, aloud did cry:
 Carry me down to the cock-pit
 There is ease for my smart:
 If my merry men should see me,
 It would break all their hearts.

Oh the very next morning,
 By the break of the day,
 Oh we hoisted our top-sails,
 And so we bore away:
 We bore down to Port-Royal,
 Where the People flocked much,
 To see brave Admiral Benbow,
 Carry'd to Kingston Town Church.

Come all you brave fellows,
 Wheresoever you have been;
 Let us drink a good health
 To our King and our Queen,
 And another good health
 To the girls that we do know;
 And a third in remembrance
 Of brave Admiral Benbow.

Royalty.

C A T C H.

For three Voices.

Come, my boys, let's sing a catch.

A match, a match, a match.

Beware of catch poles.

Warrants and dark-holes.

You're a vagrant; that's a fact.

Stop, stop, let me look at the act.

No; I'm a gentleman. I beg your pardon;

You're only such in Covent Garden.

Oh! curse your odious exclamations.

Let us sing

God save the king;

And be loyal, in spite of informations.

God save the king;

Long live the king;

May the king live for ever.

S O N G.

Mr. A R R O W S M I T H.

The top sails shiver in the wind,

The ship, she casts to sea;

But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,

Are, Mary, moor'd with thee:

For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,

Still love shall be his leading star.

Shou'd land men flatter when we're sail'd;

O doubt their artful tales:

No gallant sailor ever fail'd,

If love breath'd constant gales:

Thou art the compass of my soul,

Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in ev'ry Port we meet;

More fell than rocks and waves;

But such as grace the British Fleet,

Are lovers and not slaves.

Royalty.

No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Altho' we leave our hearts with you.

These are our cares, but if you're kind,

We'll scorn the dashing main:

The rocks, the billows, and the wind;

The power of France and Spain:

Now England's Glory rests with you,

Our sails are full, sweet girls adieu.

D U E T.

Mr. LEONI and Master BRAHAM.

How sweet in the wood-lands, with fleet hound & horn

To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn:

But hard is the chace, my fond heart must pursue,

For Daphne, fair Daphne is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,

More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with disdain

In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies,

Tho' Daphne pursue, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

S O N G.

With my jug in one hand and my pipe in the other,

I drink to my neighbour and friend:

My cares in a whiff of tobacco I smother,

For life I know shortly must end:

While Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug,

With good ale I will make myself mellow;

In my old wicker chair, I'll seat myself snug,

Like a jolly and true happy fellow.

For Three Voices.

Wine does wonders every day,

Makes the heavy, light and gay:

Throws off all their melancholly:

Makes the wisest go astray,

And the busy toy and play,

And the poor and needy jolly.

Royalty.

Wine makes trembling cowards bold ;

Men in years forget they're old :

Women leave their coy disdaining ;

Who till then, were shy and cold.

Makes the niggard slight his gold,

And the foppish entertaining.

Mr. BANNISTER AND Mr. ARROWSMITH.

Generous wine,

And a friend in whom I can confide,

And a cleanly bright girl

I would have for my bride :

I'll keep a brace of geldings,

An easy pad to please my wife ;

Kind fate, what more I ask,

Ne'er to want my dear flask ;

And in friendly bumpers,

Ever briskly carouze.

S O N G.

Mr. B A N N I S T E R.

If life is a bubble, and breaks with a blast,

You must toss off your wine, if you'd wish it to last ;

For this bubble may well be destroyed with a puff,

If it is not kept floating in liquor enough.

If life is a flow'r, as Philosophers say,

'Tis a very good hint, understood the right way :

For if life is a flow'r, any blockhead can tell,

If you'd have it look fresh, you must moisten it well.

This life is no more than a journey tis said,

Where the roads, for most parts, are confoundedly bad ;

Then let wine be our spur, and each trav'ler will own,

That whatever the roads, we jog merrily on.

This world to a Theatre, liken'd has been,

Where each man around has a part in th' scene :

Tis our part to get drunk, and tis matter of fact,

That the more you all drink, boys, th' better you'll act.

Royalty.

This life is a dream, in which many will weep,
 Who have strange silly fancies, and cry in their sleep :
 But for us, when we wake from our dream, 'twill be said,
 That the tears of the tankard were all that we shed.

The W O L F.

SUNG BY Mr. BANNISTER

At the peaceful midnight hour,
 Every sense and every power,
 Fetter'd lies in downy sleep;
 Then our careful watch we keep,
 While the Wolf with nightly prow!,
 Bays the wood with hedious howl:
 Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance;
 Females shriek, a vain assistance:
 Silence! silence, or you meet your fate;
 Your keys, your jewels, cash, and plate:
 Lock, bolts and bars soon fly asunder,
 Then to rifle, rob, and plunder.

S O N G,

Mr. ARROWSMITH AND Master BRAHAM.

Shepherds I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna:
 Pride of every shady grove,
 Upon the Banks of Banna.

I, for her, my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain;
 Left my Flock, my Pipe, my Crook,
 Green-wood Shade, and Fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
 Until at her returning;
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Royalty.

Whither is my charmer flown,
 Shepherd's tell me whither;
 Ah, woe is me, perhaps she's gone
 For ever and for ever.

C A N Z O N E T T.

Mr. ARROWSMITH and Master BRAHAM.

To me, had clouds o'erspread the sky,
 The drooping roses seem'd to die:
 Plumes were rent from Zephyr's wing,
 And silent was the voice of spring:
 But Delia chac'd despair away:
 Their liveliest bloom, the flow'rs display:
 Soft gales arise, and fan the grove,
 The hills and plains resound their love.

T H E S A I L O R S' G L E E.

We be three mariners, newly come from the seas,
 We spend our lives in jeopardy,
 While others live at ease:
 Shall we go drink this round a round,
 And he that is a bully boy, come pledge me on this ground.

We care not for those martial men, that do our states
 (disdain:
 But we care for those merchant-men, that do our states
 (maintain:
 To them we drink this round a round,
 And he that is a bully boy, come pledge me on this ground.

S O N G S in H E R O and L E A N D E R.

Scene the Banks of the Hellespont.

Mrs. F O X.

Ere yet Aurora chase the dews,
 The lark his morn'g song renews,
 And seems to chide the swains delay,
 To lose so sweet a part of day.

Royalty,

See from the ground his mate arise,
 And seems to mock our wand'ring eyes :
 Still as she soars, her notes decay,
 'Til the faint warblings die away.

S O N G.

Mrs. BURNET.

When I was young, I danc'd and sung,
 My heart was lighter than a fly;
 No care my youthful bosom stung,
 At ev'ry rout, pray who but I.

At length the Urchin bent his bow,
 The vagrant arrow hit the mark ;
 But Hymen 'solv'd his skill to shew,
 Cur'd poor Safrina in the dark.

S O N G.

Mr. BANNISTER.

Alas how chang'd the face of things,
 Hark, hark, the howling tempest sings ;
 Ah now ! the rebel winds she feels,
 Toss'd on the billows, how she reels.

She's now a wreck — Behold on high,
 Exploded thunder rends the sky ;
 A dread convulsion moves the shore ;
 And rocks the deep, unmov'd before.

S O N G.

Mr. ARROWSMITH.

Transparent now, and all serene,
 The gentle current flows ;
 While fancy draws the flatt'ring scene :
 How fair the landscape shews.

Royalty.

But soon its transient charms decay,
 When ruff'ling tempests blow;
 The soft delusions fleet away:
 And pleasure ends in woe.

S O N G.

Mr. W. PALMER,

In the Character of a Bashaw.

Stand all alooff, ye paltry jades;
 And you, ye filthy knave of spades:
 How dare you look beyond those pales,
 On me, who wears three thumping tails?
 Don't you all know, that at a blow,
 I'd send you to the shades below?
 Begone! or else, I swear, ods-bobs;
 I'll send you home, without your nob.

S O N G.

Mrs. FOX.

O, Sir, be consenting, be kind, and relenting;
 Release these poor creatures and send them away:
 Do but this, and you'll find,
 How good natur'd and kind,
 I'll prove to my spouse, by night and by day.

O come now, sweet lover, a passion discover:

A fly little Cupid, now lurks in that smile:

Ev'ry maid must surrender,

To such a commander;

You've found out a way, my poor heart to beguile.

Behold like A pollo, his ringlets of yellow!

Behold, how like Mars, at this moment he stands:

His breath too discloses,

The perfume of roses;

How plump, his round cheeks, and how taper his hands.

O come now, sweet lover, &c.

Royalty.

C H O R U S P R I S O N E R S .

Happy, happy, happy day,
Ev'ry heart its homage pay.

C H O R U S by the T U R K S .

Wake to harmony the voice;
Rejoice---'tis mercy calls---rejoice.

C H O R U S A L L .

Happy, happy, happy day,
Ev'ry heart its homage pay;
Wake to harmony the voice,
Rejoice---'tis mercy calls---rejoice.

S O N G ,

Mr. W. P A L M E R .

Gentle Hero ! take my hand ;
Love and life's at my command :

Joy's furrounding,
Sorrows drowning ;

Bliss shall gladden all the land.

But if you refuse me,

And think but to noose me,

In love's silken fetters ;

And sneer at your betters :

By the Gods, now I swear,

From your bosom I'll tear—

No stop—I'll do more ;

I'll deluge the shore :

With blood ———

Till nature looks wild :

And before I retire,

I'll kindle a fire,

That shall toast you,

And roast you,

Man, Woman and Child.

Royalty.

S O N G,
Mr. B A N N I S T E R.

Hark ! the trumpet sounds afar ;
 The clam'rous harbinger of war :
 Rouze Soldiers, rouze ; to arms, to arms :
 The call, my beating bosom warms ;
 The foe insults our native shore,
 And proudly mocks his conqueror.
 O Genious of this happy land ;
 Descend ! and bless thy chosen band :
 Give us to meet the daring foe ;
 'Tis liberty, shall nerve the blow.—
 So when the toils of war are o'er,
 And meek-ey'd peace unlocks her store ;
 Each youthful Hero, then shall prove,
 A sweet reward, in faithful love.

S O N G,
Mr. B A N N I S T E R.

O see how he comes, how he moves thro' the gloom,
 Conducted by fate, and by love, to his doom :
 O see the fond youth, to the shore, now he bends,
 And quits his Companions, his Country, and Friends :
 Regardless of danger, he darts thro' the wave ;
 'Tis Nature commands him, and Nature must save.

S O N G,
Mr. A R R O W S M I T H,

Tune, the Banks of the Dee.

Awake, my sweet Hero, my heart's dearest treasure ;
 Leander now calls you, to love and delight ;
 'Tis Hymen shall sanctify love's softest pleasure :
 Give our days all to joy, and to rapture the night.
 Awake then my charmer, and share the sweet blessing ;
 The moments now fly me, alas ! how distressing ;
 O think of our joys, when carress'd and carressing,
 Arise, my sweet Hero—love calls you away.—

Royalty.

D U E T T O,
Mr. ARROWSMITH and Mrs. FOX.

Come now my sweet love to the grove;
The graces are waiting for you;
Thro' r-fes and wood-bines we'll rove,
And kifs as all true-lovers do.

H E R O:

O take both my hand and my heart,
My lover, I know he is true;
'Til death shall direct us to part,
We'll kifs as all true-lovers do.

B O T H.

Adieu then to doubt and despair;
Fair virtue, our loves' will pursue:
We'll not know a moment of care,
But kifs as all true-lovers do.

S O N G,
M A S T E R B R A H A M.

In the Character of Hymen.

Sweetest pleasures, never ceasing;
Blessings which the Gods present,
Joys, with length of years increasing:
Rofy health, and sweet content:
Await the fair, and deck the youth,
United in the bands of truth.—
And when old time, with solemn pace,
Shall call, to tell them, both must die:
Touch'd as he views their fond embrace:
He'll bless them first, then pass them by.
Sweetest pleasures, &c.

F I N A L E,
Mr. ARROWSMITH.

Joy and pleasure, now go round,
Beauty's triumph is to day;

Royalty.

Ev'ry voice, in chorus sound,
 This is Hymen's holiday.——
 Dress a garland for the fair :
 Care and sorrow hither go :
 Daffadillies,
 Virgin lillies,
 Hymen says he'll have it so.——

Mrs. F O X.

Take my hand, you have my heart,
 Indeed you've had it long ago ;
 And now we'll never, never part :
 Hymen says he'll have it so.——

C H O R U S.

Joy and pleasure, &c.

Mrs. B U R N E T.

Cupid is a foolish boy,
 Once he try'd on me, his bow ;
 But I never felt a joy,
 'Til Hymen said he'd have it so.

C H O R U S.

Joy and pleasure, &c.

Mr. W. P A L M E R.

Must I then, give up the fair,
 And see them laughing at my woe ;
 Live and lead a life of care :
 The devil sure would have it so.——

C H O R U S.

Joy and pleasure, &c.

Mr. B A N N I S T E R,

Observe ye fair, the moral here,
 Let virtue in your bosom glow ;
 You then may bid adieu to fear,
 Hymen says he'll have it so.——

C H O R U S.

Joy and pleasure, &c.

Royalty.

LOVING SONG, by Mr. DELPINI;

In Hobson's Choice.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Dearly Fanny, come here, I'll give you something;
 I bought you this pretty cap;
 Oh! fye, put it in your lap;
 Put it on, and flash away,
 Will you marry me to day:
 There is money, all for you,
 Come, embrace me, pray now do.

S O N G.

Dearly and darley, what is the matter with you now;
 Dearly and darley, are you joking, pray tell me how:
 By, by, by, by, by; by pety beasa Ma Char;
 By pety Beasa; ——— Oh my Dear.
 Dearly and darley, my love has cryed till she can't see;
 Dearly and darley, oh, dear, and do you still love me:
 By, by, by, by, by; &c ——— Oh my honey.
 Dearly and darley, come kifs, kifs me, don't stay behind;
 Dearly and darley, you'll find me ever true and kind:
 By, by, by, by, by; &c. ——— Oh, my soul—

DRUNKEN SONG, by Mr. DELPINI.

Oh! what a misfortune befel me to day }
 As I look'd for a pretty young girl; } Twice.
 They tumbled me into a large butt of strong beer,
 I thought to be drowned therein:

Be drowned therein, be drowned therein;

I thought to be drowned therein.

But what is the reason I reel thus about; }
 I'm afraid the beer's got in my head; } Twice.
 I reel to and fro, like a ship in a storm,
 Oh, I wish I was safe in my bed:

Safe in my bed, safe in my bed;

Oh, I wish I was safe in my bed.

Royalty.

S O N G S

In TRUE-BLUE, or the PRESS-GANG.

T R U E B L U E.

To be gazing on those charms;
 To be folded in those arms:
 To unite my lips with those,
 Whence eternal sweetness flows,
 To be lov'd by one so fair,
 Is to be blest beyond compare.

N A N C Y.

On my dearest to recline,
 While his hand is lock'd in mine;
 In those eyes myself to view;
 Gazing still, and full on you:
 In thy arms, while thus I'm blest,
 Of ev'ry joy I am possess'd.

L I E U T E N A N T.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Sir, you must learn another song to sing,
 Come, come along with me and serve the King.

S O N G,

N A N C Y.

Oh where will you hurry my dearest?
 Say! say to what clime, or what shore!
 You tear from my arms the sincerest,
 That ever lov'd mortal before.
 Ah cruel, hard-hearted to press him,
 And force the dear youth from my arms;
 Restore him, that I may caress him,
 And shield him from future alarms.
 In vain, you insult and deride me,
 And make but a scoff at my woes:
 You ne'r from my dear shall divide me,
 I'll follow where ever he goes.

Royalty.

Think not of the merciless ocean ;
 My soul any terror can have :
 For soon as the ship makes its motion,
 So soon shall the sea be my grave.

L I E U T E N A N T.

Honor calls, he must obey ;
 Love to glory must give way :
 Loaden with the spoils of Spain,
 Triumphant he'll return again.

D I A L O G U E.

N A N C Y.

And canst thou leave thy Nancy,
 And quit thy native shore :
 It comes into my fancy,
 I ne'er shall see thee more.

T R U E B L U E.

Yes, I must leave my Nancy,
 To plough the boist'rous main,
 Let fear ne'er fill thy fancy,
 For we shall meet again.

N A N C Y.

Amidst the foaming billows,
 Where thund'ring cannons roar,
 You'll think on these green willows,
 And wish yourself on shore.

T R U E B L U E.

Nor fire, nor sword appal me,
 When glory points the way ;
 Great George and England call me,
 And I with joy obey.

Royalty.

N A N C Y.

May guardian Gods protect thee,
 From Water, Fire, or Steel,
 And may no fears affect thee,
 Like those which now I feel.

T R U E . B L U E.

I leave to heav'ns protection,
 My life, my only dear,
 You have my soul's affection,
 So still conclude me here.

*True-Blue, Nancy, Lieut. Dreadnaught, Careful and
 Gang.*

D R E A D N A U G H T.

Now away my brave boys, hoist the flag beat the drum,
 Let the streamers wave over the main,
 When old England calls us, we merrily come,
 She sha'nt call a Sailor in vain.

Already we seem an Armada to chace,
 Already behold the Galleons;
 Undaunted, unconquer'd, look death in the face,
 And return with a load of Doubloons.

Then farewell for a time, lovely Sweethearts, dear Wives,
 Nancy, fear not the fate of True-blue,
 Though we leave you and merrily venture our lives,
 To our Doxies we'll ever be true.

With spirit we go an Armada to chace,
 With rapture behold the Galleons;
 Undaunted, unconquer'd, look death in the face,
 And return with a load of Doubloons.

Royalty.

SONGS in DON JUAN.

SONG by MR. DELPINI.

See that pretty creature there;
 Oh, how handsome! Oh, how fair!
 Kifs me. Love, I pray now do;
 Give me one, and I'll give two.

How a smack wou'd do me good;
 Raise my spirit, fire my blood:
 Kifs me Love, I pray now do;
 Give me one, and I'll give two.

S O N G.

Mr. A R R O W S M I T H.

Come jolly boys, that Sailors be,
 Who oft have plough'd the dang'rous sea;
 And when you hear the whistling wind,
 Still think of her you left behind:
 Still let her pleasing image near,
 Preserve your faithful heart from fear;
 And to the breast the tablet keep,
 Thro' all the dangers of the deep.

Come, come jolly boys, who Sailors be,
 Who are so happy, and so free:
 The luckless land-men's quiet mind,
 By home or wife is oft confin'd;
 Whilst we, tho' dreaded thunders roll, §
 That know no power to shake our soul;
 O'er distant scenes in triumph hurl'd,
 Still feel no limits but the World.

D U E T.

Miss BURNETT and Mrs. FOX.
 Thus for Men the Women fair,
 Lay the cunning, cunning snare;

Royalty.

While like fish, the Men will rove,
 And with beauty fall in love :
 What is beauty but the bait ;
 Oft repented when too late.

If too rash to seize the prize,
 Now display'd before your eyes ;
 How you'll rue, when all is past,
 Hymens hook, which holds you fast ;
 E're you marry, then beware,
 'Tis a blessing, or a snare.

SONGS in the RECRUITING SERGEANT.

S O N G.

(SERGEANT) Mr. BANNISTER.

All gallant lads, who know no fears,
 To the drum head repair :
 To serve the king for volunteers,
 Speak you, my boys, that dare.

Come, who'll be a grenadier ?
 The lifting-money down,
 Is three guineas, and a crown,
 To be spent in punch or beer.

S O N G.

(COUNTRYMAN) Mr. W. PALMER.

Adds flesh, I'll go with him,
 Adds flesh, but I will :
 So hold your tongues still.
 Nor mother, nor wife,
 Tho' they strive for their life,
 Shall baulk't, an my fancy be so.

Royalty.

S O N G,

(SERGEANT) Mr. BANNISTER.

Come beat away a Royal March.

Rub, rub, rub a dub;

Rub, rub, rub a dub:

Of no poltroons I come in search,

Who cowardly sneak,

When the tongues of war speak :

But of noble souls, who death dare stand,

Against the foes of Old England.

Drums strike up a flourish, and follow me now,

All honest hearts and clever;

Free quarters and beer at the sign of the Plow :

Huzza ! King George for ever.

S O N G,

(MOTHER) Mrs. BURNETT.

Out upon thee, wicked locust,

Worse in country nor a plague ;

Men by thee are locust, pocust,

Into danger and fatigue :

And the Justices outbear thee

In thy tricks, but I don't fear thee,

No nor those that with thee league.

My son has enough at home,

He need not for bread to roam ;

Already his pay,

Is twelve-pence per day,

His honest labour's fruits ;

Then get thee a trudging quick,

For gad, if I take a stick,

I'll make thee repent,

When here thee wert sent,

A drumming for recruits.

Royalty.

R E C I T A T I V E.

(WIFE) Miss BURNETT.

Dear Joseph, what's come o'er thee, tell me, do :
 Three babes we have, I work for them, and you ;
 You work for us, and both together earn,
 What keeps them tight, and puts them out to learn,
 But, if a soldiering you're bent to roam,
 We all shall shortly to the parish come ;
 And the church-wardens, no one to befriend us,
 Will, for the next thing, to the workhouse send us.
 Thee know'st at workhouse how poor folks are serv'd,
 Bill, Tom, and Susan, will be quickly starv'd,

A I R. *

Oh could you bear to view,
 Your little Tom and Sue ;
 Ta'en up by cross o'erseers :
 And think that helpless I,
 To give them, when they cry,
 Have nothing but my tears ?
 You cannot have the heart,
 With them and me to part,
 For folks, you know not who !
 With richer friends than we,
 And prouder you may be,
 But none will prove so true.

S O N G.

(SERGEANT) Mr. BANNISTER.

Comrade, your hand : I love a lad of soul ;
 Your name, to enter on my muster roll ;
 To Justice Swear'em, then, to take our oath :

* Taking a Boy and Girl, one in each Hand.

Royalty.

(COUNTRYMAN) Mr. W. PALMER,

Hold, Serjeant, hold, there's time enough for both.
 If I've a mind to lift, I'll lift, d'ye see;
 But some discourse first, betwixt yow and me.

(SERJEANT) MR. BANNISTER.

O what a charming thing's a battle!
 Trumpets sounding, drums a beating;
 Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle.
 Ev'ry heart with joy elating.
 With what pleasure are we spying,
 From the front and from the rear,
 Round us in the smoaky air,
 Heads, and limbs, and bullets, flying!
 Then the groans of soldiers dying;
 Just like sparrows, as it were,
 At each pop,
 Hundreds drop;
 While the muskets prattle prattle!
 Kill'd and wounded,
 Lie confounded;
 What a charming thing's a battle!
 But the pleasant joke of all,
 Is when to close attack we fall;
 Like mad bulls each other butting.
 Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting;
 Horse, and foot,
 All go to't,
 Kill's the word, both men and cattle:
 Then to plunder:
 Blood and thunder,
 What a charming thing's a battle!

PASTORAL AND PATHETIC.

ROUNDELAY.

In my pleasant native plains,
 Wing'd with bliss each moment flew:
 Nature there inspir'd the strains,
 Simple as the joys I knew;
 Jocund morn and evening gay
 Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flowers,
 All that health and joy impart;
 Call'd for artless music's pow'rs
 Faithful echoes to the heart!
 Happy hours for ever gay
 Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring
 Wak'd the warblers of the grove;
 Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
 Would not join the song of love?
 Your sweet notes and chauntings gay,
 Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

By L. MACKNALLY, Esq.

The northern blast, that chilling blows,
 Adown the mountain's snowy side,
 The tendril bites, and blights the rose,
 And withers all the valley's pride.

More fatal bites not, through the grove,
 The Winter's sharp and canker'd tooth,
 Then doth the blight of hopeless love,
 The tender bud of hapless youth.

TO SLEEP.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

Yet awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,
 Fold me in thy downy arms;
 Let not care awake to grieve me;
 Lull me with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,
 Quitting yours, the parent's nest,
 Find each bird a bird of prey;
 Sorrow knows not where to rest.

By GEORGE KEATE, Esq.

And must I ever vent my sighs in air?
 Tho' with a true, yet fruitless passion burn?
 In sorrow still lament my absent fair?
 And will her truant steps no more return?

Ah me! I fear she will disown the plain,
 Our humble village, and our peaceful green;
 Else in the noisy town she'd ne'er remain
 When spring invites her to the sylvan scene.

Pastoral and Pathetic

She, who was first to pluck the early rose,
 And twine a garland for the may-pole's head ;
 She, whom our festive virgins ever chose
 Their rural leader, is unkindly fled !

Why tarries thus my fair, when nature sheds
 Her gay profusion o'er the rising year ;
 When for my flocks the mead its treasure spreads,
 And woods and lawns in vernal pride appear ?

Perhaps some polish'd lover courts thy smile,
 And pours his flatt'ring accents in thine ear :
 Or does some wealthy Lord thine heart beguile,
 And keep thee absent from thy shepherd here ?

O ! let not Wealth or Flatt'ry warp thy mind ;
 Their blandishments will soon deceitful prove ;
 And thou their victim then too late may'st find,
 That artless Truth alone is friend to Love !

Love lights his torch at Virtue's sacred fires,
 He comes in sweet simplicity array'd :
 Far from the pomp of life by choice retires,
 And seeks the covert of its tranquil shade.

No lands have I, no honors to display,
 Alike to fortune, as to fame, unknown ;
 I only boast a heart that mourns thy stay,
 A faithful heart, that beats for thee alone.

The bloom of May, like thee, that's ever fair,
 The brook clear-bubbling, and the cooling breeze ;
 E'en the mirth-moving bag-pipe, foe to care,
 When thou art from me, lose their pow'r to please.

Ah ! what avails to tread the flow'ry field,
 Or view the landscape from the clefted steep ?

Pastoral and Pathetic

No objects now their wonted pleasure yield,
But seem like me to languish, and to weep.

While my companions mingle in the dance,
And each is jocund with his constant maid,
I muse on thee, bewail my own mischance,
And, sullen, sit me down beneath the shade.

Return once more, sweet nymph, and joy excite,
Bright as thyself shall nature then seem drest;
Bring back thy blushing graces to my sight,
Reward my truth, and make thy shepherd blest.

H O P E.

Hope, thou source of ev'ry blessing,
Parent of each joy divine!
Ev'ry balmy sweet possessing,
Ev'ry promis'd bliss be thine.

Softest friend to heart-felt anguish,
Lend, O! lend thy pow'rful aid;
Bid the lover cease to languish,
Cheer the fond despairing maid.

By W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

How pleas'd, within my native bow'rs,
Erewhile I pass'd the day!
Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs?
Were ever flow'rs so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round!
The river gliding down the dale,
The hill with beeches crown'd!

Pastoral and Pathetic

But now when, urg'd by tender woes,
 I speed to help my dear,
 That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
 And check my fond career.

No more since Daphne was my theme,
 Their wonted charms I see ;
 That verdant hill and silver stream
 Divide my love and me.

LOVE AND DESPAIR.

No more the festive train I'll join :
 Adieu ! ye rural sports, adieu !
 For what, alas ! have griefs like mine
 With pastimes or delights to do ?
 Let hearts at ease such pleasures prove ;
 But I am all despair and love.

Ah, well-a-day ! how chang'd am I !—
 When late I seiz'd the rural reed,
 So soft my strains, the herds hard by
 Stood gazing, and forgot to feed :
 But now my strains no longer move ;
 They're discord all, despair, and love.

Behold around my straggling sheep,
 The fairest once upon the lea ;
 No swain to guide, no dog to keep,
 Unhorn they stray, nor mark'd by me.
 The shepherds mourn to see them rove
 They ask the cause ; I answer, Love.

Neglected love first taught my eyes
 With tears of anguish to o'erflow ;
 'Tis that which fill'd my breast with sighs,
 And tun'd my pipe to notes of woe :
 Love has occasion'd all my smart,
 Dispers'd my flock, and broke my heart.

THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

By F. I.

With the sun I rise at morn,
Haste my flocks into the mead :
By the fields of yellow corn,
There my gentle lamkins feed :
Ever-sportive, ever gay,
While the merry pipe I play.

Lovely Mira joins the strain ;
Calls the wand'rer to its mate :
Her sweet voice can soothe each pain,
And make the troubled heart elate ;
Ever cheerful, ever gay,
While the merry pipe I play.

When from Winter's rugged arms
Zephyrs fleeting leave the grove,
Mira cheers me with her charms ;
For her song is tun'd to love :
Ever happy, ever gay,
On the merry pipe I play.

Tho' no splendour deck my cot,
With my Fair I live content ;
May it be my happy lot,
Still to love, and ne'er repent ;
While, at dawn and setting day,
On the merry pipe I play !

By LORD LYTTETON.

Adieu to the village delights,
Which lately my fancy enjoy'd !
No longer the country invites ;
To me all its pleasures are void.

Pastoral and Pathetic

Adieu, thou sweet health-breathing hill !
 Thou canst not my comfort restore :
 For ever adieu my dear vill !
 My Lucy, alas ! is no more,

She, she was the cure of my pain,
 My blessing, my honor, my pride :
 She ne'er gave me cause to complain,
 Till that fatal day when she died.
 Her eyes, that so beautiful shone,
 Are closed for ever in sleep ;
 And mine, since my Lucy is gone,
 Have nothing to do but to weep.

Could my tears the bright angel restore,
 Like a fountain, they never should cease ;
 But Lucy, alas ! is no more,
 And I am a stranger to peace.
 Let me copy, with fervour devout,
 The virtues that glow'd in her heart ;
 Then soon, when life's sand is run out,
 We shall meet again, never to part.

By Mr. G A Y.

Virgins are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,
 Which in the garden enamels the ground ;
 There the bees hover, and murmur, and cluster,
 And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring ;
 To Covent-Garden 'tis brought, while yet sweet ;
 There droops, and fades, and grows past all enduring ;
 Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

The COTTAGER'S WISH.

Where the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,
 With my Fair-one as blooming as May,

Pastoral and Pathetic

Undisturb'd by all sound but the sighs of the breeze,
Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the Sun, less intense, to the westward inclines,
For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
And see the rays dance, as inverted he shines
On the face of some river or lake.

Where my Fairest and I, on its verge as we pass,
(For 'tis she that must still be my theme)
Our shadows may view on the watery glass,
While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins to bleat,
When she sings me some amorous strain;
All be silent and hush'd, unless echo repeat
The kind words and sweet sounds back again!

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
Let the Moon's silver beams through the leaves give us
Just direct us, and chequer our way. (light,

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
As thus gently and slowly we move;
And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
And secure from ambition's alarms,
Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
And each morning shall rise with new charms.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

How can the Muses lend their happy aid!
Ah! how can fancy brighten up the song!
Beauty and Love can only be display'd,
Where mutual passion does the theme prolong.

Pastoral and Pathetic

There smiling Venus leads the happy hours;
 There Cupid only lends his golden dart;
 There lovers breathe their vows, in rosy bow'rs,
 And rapture plays alike around each heart.

There may the Muses ev'ry wreath entwine;
 With notes seraphic strike upon the ear:
 But melancholy thoughts alone are mine;
 And ev'ry prospect dismal, dark, and drear.

For Love the tyrant triumphs in my breast,
 With all his force of jealousies and fears;
 Nor will allow my soul one moment's rest:
 My heart he breaks; my eyes suffuse with tears.

With garlands gay let others then be crown'd,
 And lead the blushing bride to Hymen's fane;
 My temples, with dark yew and cypress bound,
 Shall best express my sorrow and my shame.

CANZONET.

By GENERAL BURGOYNE.

For tenderness framed in life's earliest day,
 A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way:
 The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
 And, ere words were my own, I spoke in a sigh.

The nightingale plunder'd, the mate-widow'd dove,
 The warbled complaint of the suffering grove,
 To youth as it ripen'd gave sentiment new,
 The object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft embers of passion yet rest in the glow—
 A warmth of more pain may this breast never know!
 Or, if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
 Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the flame.

By JOHN MILTON.

Sweet Echo! sweetest nymph; that liv'st unseen,
Within thine airy cell

By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad long mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
That likest thy Narcissus are?

Oh! if thou have hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies!

The SEDUCED FAIR.

She came from the hills of the West;
A smile of contentment she wore;
Her heart was a garden of rest;
But, ah! the sweet season is o'er.

How oft, by the streams in the wood,
Delighted, she'd ramble and rove!
And, while she stood marking the flood,
Would tune up a stanza of love.

In rural diversion and play,
The Summers glid smoothly along:
And her Winters pass'd briskly away,
Cheer'd up with a tale or a song:

At length a destroyer came by,
A youth of more person than parts,
Well skill'd in the arts of the eye,
The conquest and havock of hearts.

Pastoral and Pathetic

He led her by fountains and streams,
 He woo'd her with sonnets and books;
 He told her his tales and his dreams,
 And mark'd their effect in her looks.

He taught her by midnight to roam,
 Where spirits and spectres affright;
 For passions increase with the gloom,
 And caution expires with the light.

At length, like a rose from the spray,
 Like a lily just pluckt from the stem,
 She droop'd, and she faded away,
 Thrown by and neglected like them.

TO DELIA.

By LORD LYTTELTON.

The heavy hours are almost past,
 That part my love and me;
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see:
 But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare,
 Your heart is still the same;
 And heal each idly anxious care,
 Our fears in absence frame?
 Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When we shall shortly meet,
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

Pastoral and Pathetic

But if the dream, that soothes my mind,
 Shall false and groundless prove ;
 If I am doom'd at length to find,
 You have forgot to love ;
 All I of Venus ask is this,
 No more to let us join ;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die and think you mine.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

Sweet tyrant Love, but hear me now ;
 And cure, while young, the pleasing smart ;
 Or rather aid my trembling vow ;
 And teach me to reveal my heart.

Tell her, whose goodness is my bane,
 Whose looks have smil'd my peace away,
 Ah ! whisper how she gives me pain,
 While undesigning, frank, and gay.

'Tis not for common charms I sigh ;
 Nor what the vulgar Beauty call ;
 'Tis not a lip, a cheek, an eye ;
 But 'tis the soul that lights them all.

For that I drop this tender tear ;
 For that I breathe this artless moan :
 Oh ! whisper love into her ear ;
 And make the bashful lover known.

LADY JANE GRAY'S LAMENTATION.

From these dread walls, this melancholy tow'r,
 Doom'd the sad victim of relentless Pow'r ;
 Where Ruin sits in gloomy pomp array'd,
 And circling Horrors spread their mournful shade ;
 I send the tribute of a short'ning life,
 The last memorial of a faithful Wife :

Pastoral and Pathetic

For ev'ry hope on this side Heav'n is fled,
 And Death's pale banner waves around my head.
 It yet perchance may cheer my Lord to know,
 That Suffolk's Daughter sinks not with her woe:
 Beneath its weight I feel myself resign'd;
 Though strong its pressure, stronger still my mind.
 This duty paid to Thee, each care is o'er,
 Nor my hard fortune shall distress me more.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I sigh, and lament me in vain;
 These walls can but echo my moan:
 Alas! it increases my pain,
 When I think on the days that are gone.

Thro' the grate of my prison I see
 The birds, as they wanton in air;
 My heart, how it pants to be free!
 My looks, they are wild with despair.

Above, tho' oppress'd by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes;
 Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those.

False Woman! in ages to come
 Thy malice detested shall be;
 And when we are cold in the tomb,
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay,
 With silence and solitude dwell;
 How comfortless passes the day!
 How sad tolls the evening bell!

The owls from the battlements cry,
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
 'Oh, Mary! prepare thee to die!'
 My blood, it runs cold at the sound.

WERTER AND CHARLOTTE.

When Werter fair Charlotte beheld,
As she danc'd with the nymphs on the green,
He thought ev'ry maid she excell'd;
And he prais'd the soft grace of her mein.

But, all her accomplishments known,
Gentle Werter began to adore;
He sighs for a heart not her own;
And the joys of poor Werter are o'er.

Tho' vows the fair Charlotte engag'd,
As a friend, gentle Werter was dear;
Her smiles oft his sorrow assuag'd,
While Pity has dropt a soft tear.

Urg'd by Love, he grew bold, and she cried,
'Werter, leave me, and see me no more.'
He sigh'd—he obey'd—and he died!
Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

Ye nymphs, let not Cupid deceive,
Under Pity's soft garb hide his dart;
Werter's sorrows are laid in the grave,
While Pity still wrings Charlotte's heart:

And oft o'er his grave has she cried,
While with flow'rets she deck'd it all o'er,
'He saw me—he lov'd—and he died:'
Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

THE CHARMS OF A PASTORAL LIFE,

When western breezes fan the shore,
And gently swell the azure wave,
I yield unto the soft'ning Pow'r:
(The Muse's transport then would grieve,

Pastoral and Pathetic

When loud the thick'ning tempests fly,
 Enrage, and dash the foaming floods;
 From the rude scene I trembling hie,
 And plunge into the safer woods.

Nor sea, nor deaf'ning din, is there,
 The stormy fury straight does please :
 I hear it sounding from afar;
 It sings or murmurs through the trees.

A fisherman I would not live,
 Who labours in the pathless deep ;
 Whose cruel art is to deceive,
 Whose dwelling is a brittle ship.

Let me my bleating ewes attend,
 (Harmless myself, and blest'd as they;)
 With them my morning steps I'll bend,
 With them I'll wait the closing day.

Now underneath a plane-tree laid,
 Or careless by a lulling stream,
 Let me enjoy the cooling shade,
 Or sweetly sink into a dream.

ABSENCE LAMENTED.

Ye nymphs and swains, that sweetly play
 On Tweed's fam'd banks, or winding Tay,
 Ah say, what happy spot detains
 My Peggy, since she left these plains ?

Say, in what bow'r, beneath what shade,
 Soft slumbers lull the gentle maid ;
 For Love shall lend me wings to fly;
 And pow'rful Fancy place me nigh.

Alas ! the blissful scene how chang'd,
 Where once we both with pleasure rang'd !
 Not half so fair the lily springs ;
 Not half so sweet the linnet sings.

Haste then, my lovely Fair, once more ;
 Oh ! haste to bless the Southern shore :
 And April's clouds shall smile as gay
 As all the blooming sweets of May.

Yet rather may the Fates deny
 Thy beauties to my longing eye,
 If Time a cruel change has wrought,
 Or Tweed a sweeter lesson taught !

But should thy faithful shepherd find
 His lovely Peggy still is kind,
 Then absence shall thy charms improve ;
 And I with double rapture love.

HARVEST-HOME.

What cheerful sounds salute our ears,
 And echo o'er the lawn !
 Behold ! the loaded car appears,
 In joyful triumph drawn.
 The nymphs and swains, a jovial band,
 Still shouting as they come ;
 With rustic instruments in hand,
 Proclaim the harvest-home.

The golden sheaves, pil'd up on high,
 Within the barn are stor'd ;
 The careful hind, with secret joy
 Exulting, views his hoard.
 His labour's past, he counts his gains ;
 And, freed from anxious care,
 His casks are broach'd ; the sun-burnt swains
 His rural plenty share.

Pastoral and Pathetic

In dance and song the night is spent ;
 All ply the flowing bowl ;
 And jests and harmless merriment
 Expand the artless soul.
 Young Colin whispers Rosalind,
 Who still reap'd by his side ;
 And plights his troth, if she prove kind,
 To take her for his bride.

For joys like these, through circling years,
 Their toilsome task they tend :
 The hind successive labours bears,
 In prospect of the end ;
 In Spring, or Winter, sows his seed,
 Manures, or tills the soil :
 In Summer various cares succeed ;
 But harvest crowns his toil.

THE VALENTINE OF HOPELESS LOVE.

Wak'd by the breath of Spring, in ev'ry vale,
 The latent primrose rears her sickly head ;
 The virgin snow-drop decks her verdant bed ;
 And vi'lets blue perfume the passing gale.

The tuneful linnet plumes her speckled wing ;
 The tender stock-dove cooes in ev'ry grove ;
 The soaring lark sings loud the song of love—
 All nature owns thy influence—genial Spring !

All—all but me !—condemn'd by wayward Fate
 To bear Love's keenest arrow in my breast ;
 'Tis vain to wish—to hope, alas !—too late—
 No change of season brings my bosom rest.

A tear from thee is all the boon I crave,
 To wet the with'ring sod that marks my grave.

DAMON and FLAVIA.

Near a smooth river's lonely side,
Where tuneful Naiads gently glide,
A secret grotto stands ;
Within a rock's hard bosom made,
Hid in the gloom of awful shade ;
The work of Nature's hands.

This sweet retreat, that once had been
Of joy and love the chosen scene,
Poor injur'd Flavia sought :
But—to complain of Damon's vow
There made and broke---she chose it now,
With rage and sorrow fraught.

The hollow rock, where she reclin'd,
She thought was like false Damon's mind ;
His dark design---the shade ;
The deep smooth stream---his tempting face ;
Its sound---his tongue's deluding grace,
That won, and that betray'd.

Damon, one evening as he stray'd,
To meet some other tender maid,
O'erheard her mournful plaint ;
Her sighs, and tears, and soft despair
Infected all the neighbouring air,
And forc'd him to relent.

And now she thinks, since Damon's kind,
The steady rock still like his mind ;
His love---the friendly shade ;
The clear smooth stream---his lovely face ;
Its soothing sound---the tongue's soft grace,
That all her woes repaid.

" No more be fear'd, then, Fortune's powers !
" 'Tis Fancy all our blifs devours,
" Or gives content, we find.
" Men may be happy, if they please ;
" We are ourselves our own disease ;
" The fault is in the mind."

By Mrs. BARBAULD.

When first, upon your tender cheek,
I saw the morn of Beauty break,
With mild and cheering beam,
I bow'd before your infant shrine ;
The earliest sighs you had were mine,
And you my darling theme.

I saw you, in that opening morn,
For Beauty's boundless empire born,
And first confess'd your sway ;
And ere your thoughts, devoid of art,
Cou'd learn the value of a heart,
I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of ev'ry grace,
And gaz'd upon that angel face,
While yet 'twas safe to gaze ;
I fondly bless'd each rising charm,
Nor thought such innocence could harm
The peace of future days.

But now, despotic, o'er the plains
The awful noon of Beauty reigns,
And kneeling crouds adore :
These charms arise too fiercely bright ;
Danger and death attend the sight,
And I must hope no more.

Pastoral and Pathetic

Thus to the rising god of day,
 Their early vows the Persians pay,
 And bless the spreading fire,
 Whose glowing chariot, mounting, soon
 Pours on their heads the burning noon;
 They sicken and expire.

BY PERCY.

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown?
 No longer drest in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray;
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
 O can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear;
 Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, canst thou love so true,
 Through perils keen with me to go?
 Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pangs of woe?
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
 Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair.

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

By W. SHENSTONE, ESQ.

Perhaps it is not love, said I,
 That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh:
 Where wit and sense like her's agree,
 One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind,
 It needs no lover's eye to find;
 The hermit freezing in his cell
 Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love——averse to bear
 The servile chain that lovers wear,
 Let, let me all my fears remove,
 My doubts dispel—it is not love——

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine,
 In any form less fair than thine?
 It is—it is Love's subtle fire,
 And under friendship lurks desire.

BEAUTY DEFINED.

'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes,
 That swim with pleasure and delight;
 Nor those fair heav'nly arches which arise
 O'er each of them to shade their light:

Pastoral and Pathetic

'Tis not that hair which plays with ev'ry wind,
 And loves to wanton round thy face ;
 Now straying o'er thy forehead, now behind
 Retiring with insidious grace.

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, as white
 As new-shorn sheep, equal and fair ;
 Nor ev'n that gentle smile, the heart's delight,
 With which no smile could e'er compare :
 'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so fine,
 Those breasts that swell to meet my love ;
 That easy sloping waist, that form divine,
 Nor aught below, nor aught above.

'Tis not the living colours over each,
 By Nature's finest pencil wrought,
 To shame the fresh-blown rose, and blooming peach,
 And mock the happiest painter's thought :
 But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love,
 So kindly answering my desire ;
 That grace with which you look, and speak and move,
 That thus have set my soul on fire.

LOVE THE ALL OF LIFE.

By GENERAL BURGoyNE.

When first this humble roof I knew,
 With various cares I strove :
 My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
 My All of Life was Love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
 The spring our drink bestow'd ;
 But, when her lip the brim had press'd,
 The cup with nectar flow'd.

Pastoral and Pathetic

Content and Peace the dwelling shar'd ;
 No other guest came nigh :
 In them was giv'n (tho' Gold was spar'd)
 What Gold could never buy.

No value has a splendid lot,
 But as the means to prove,
 That, from the castle to the cot,
 The All of Life is Love.

TO CYNTHIA.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

O thou ! whose love inspiring air
 Delights, yet gives a thousand woes ;
 My Day declines in dark despair,
 And Night hath lost her sweet repose :

Yet who, alas ! like me was blest,
 To others ere thy charms were known ;
 When Fancy told my raptur'd breast,
 That Cynthia smil'd on me alone ?

Nymph of my soul, forgive my sighs ;
 Forgive the jealous fires I feel ;
 Nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies,
 When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo ! theirs is ev'ry winning art,
 With Fortune's gifts---unknown to me !
 I only boast a simple heart,
 In love with Innocence, and Thee.

By Mr. THOMSON.

Hard is the fate of him who loves,
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,

Pastoral and Pathetic

But to the symphatic groves,
But to the lonely list'ning plain.

Oh, when she blesses next your shade,
Oh, when her footsteps next are seen,
In flow'ry tracks along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green.

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of Love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what she cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
Oh, tell her, that my virtuous flame
Is, as her spotless soul, refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care;
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at Love's suspected name,
With that of Friendship soothe her ear---
True Love and Friendship are the same.

By Mr. O'KEEFFE.

The tuneful birds how sweet they sing!
How gay the dainty flow'rets spring!
How light the milkmaid's brimming pail,
As chaunting o'er the flow'ry dale!
'Tis Love that wafts her blythe along,
That paints the flowers, and tunes the song,

By Mr. O'KEEFFE.

Dans votre lit, that bright parterre,
Should Flora bloom a lily fair,
A smiling jonquil I could be,
To blow, sweet flow'r beside of thee ;

Dans votre lit.

Or nodding on the thorny bush,
You droop to hide the rose's blush ;
The leafy umbrage make of me,
And in this breast you'll shelter'd be ;

Dans votre lit.

When ev'ry flow'r, that paints the ground,
Throws smiles and odours all around,
Sweet flow'r, I'll prove thy faithful bee,
And honey sip from none but thee ;

Dans votre lit.

• THE INESTIMABLE VALUE OF LOVE.

By Dr. JOHNSON.

Not the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flow'ry vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill ;
Not all their charms, tho' all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store,
Not all the pow'r, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim ;
Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve,
To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet Nature's charms allure my eyes;
 And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize:
 Fame, wealth, and knowledge, I obtain;
 Nor seek I Nature's charms in vain:
 In lovely Stella all combine;
 And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

By GENERAL BURGOYNE.

Come sing round my favourite tree,
 Ye songsters that visit the grove;
 'Twas the haunt of my Shepherd and me;
 And the bark is a record of love.
 Reclin'd on the turf by my side,
 He tenderly pleaded his cause;
 I only with blushes replied,
 And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

SONNET, TO THE MOON.

Queen of the silver bow, by thy pale beam,
 Alone, and pensive, I delight to stray,
 And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
 Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
 And, while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
 Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
 And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
 That in thy orb the wretched may have rest,
 The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
 Releas'd by Death, to thy benignant sphere;
 And the sad children of Despair and Woe
 Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
 O! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
 Poor weary'd pilgrim----in this toiling scene.

H

SONNET.

Supposed to be written by Werter.

Go, cruel tyrant of the human breast !
To others' hearts thy burning arrows bear ;
Go, where fond Hope and fair Illusion rest !
Ah ! why should Love inhabit with despair ?
Like the poor maniac I linger here,
Still haunt the scene where all my treasure lies ;
Still seek for flow'rs where only thorns appear,
And drink delicious poison from her eyes.
Tow'rd's the deep gulph, that opens on my sight,
I hurry forward, Passion's helpless slave ;
And, scorning Reason's mild and sober light,
Pursue the path that leads me to the grave.
So round the flame the giddy insect flies,
And courts the fatal fire, by which it dies.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

As down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one evening in May,
The little birds, in blithest notes, made vocal ev'ry spray:
They sang their little tales of love, they sang them o'er
and o'er.
Ah ! gramachree, ma chollenogue, ma Molly a'store !
The daisy py'd, and all the sweets the dawn of nature
yields,
The primrose pale, and vi'let blue, lay scatter'd o'er
the fields ;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore.
Ah ! gramachree, &c.
I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel Molly's
hate :
How can she break the honest heart that wears her in
its core ?
Ah ! gramachree, &c.

Pastoral and Pathetic

You said you lov'd me; Molly-dear: ah! why did I
believe?

Yet who could think such tender words were meant
but to deceive?

That love was all I ask'd on earth; nay, Heav'n could
give no more.

Ah gramachree, &c.

O! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds that yon green
pasture fill,

With her I love, I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy
store.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

Two turtle-doves, above my head, sat courting on a
bough;

I envy'd them their happiness, to see them bill and coo;
Such fondness once for me she shew'd; but now, alas!
'tis o'er.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss I e'er
shall mourn;

While life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill beat for
thee alone:

Tho' thou art false, may Heav'n on thee its choicest
blessings pour!

Ah! gramachree, &c.

By Mr. O'KEEFE.

For you, dearest maiden, the pride of the village,

The town and its pleasures I freely resign;

Delights spring from labour, and science from tillage,

Where love, peace, and innocence, sweetly combine,

H

Pastoral and Pathetic

Soft tender affection, what bliss in possessing!
 How blest when 'tis love that insures us the blessing!
 Carefs'd, ah, what rapture in mutual caressing!
 What joy can I wish for, was Norah but mine!

The feasts of gay Fashion with splendour invite us,
 Where Luxury, Pride, and her Follies attend;
 The banquet of Reason alone should delight us,
 How sweet the enjoyment when shar'd with a friend!
 Bethou that dear friend, then, my comfort, my pleasure,
 A look is my sun-shine, a smile is my treasure:
 Thy lips, if consenting, give joy beyond measure,
 A rapture so perfect, what joy can transcend!

TO SYLVIA.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

If Truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
 Let Damon urge his claim;
 He feels the passion, void of art,
 The pure, the constant flame.

Tho' sighing swains their torments tell,
 Their sensual love condemn;
 They only prize the beauteous shell,
 But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
 Destroys the transient fire;
 But when the mind receives the dart,
 Enjoyment whets desire.

By age your beauty will decay,
 Your mind improves with years;
 As when the blossoms fade away,
 The rip'ning fruit appears.

Pastoral and Pathetic

May Heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit,
 And bless the future hour,
 That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
 May gather ev'ry flow'r.

THE PRAISE OF CHASTE LOVE.

Love's a gentle, gen'rous passion,
 Source of all sublime delights;
 Which, with mutual inclination,
 Two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
 If compar'd with true content?
 That false joy which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless passion brings vexation;
 But a chaste and constant love
 Is a glorious emulation
 Of the blissful state above.

By Mr. O'K E E F F E.

The meadows look cheerful, the birds sweetly sing;
 So gaily they carrol the praises of spring:
 Tho' Nature rejoices, poor Norah shall mourn,
 Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,
 Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms:
 Tho' satins and ribbons, and laces are fine,
 They hide not a heart with such feeling as mine.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

By Mr. GAY.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
 ' O where shall I my true-love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below ;
 The rope slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 ' Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan ! Susan ! lovely dear !
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear !
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

' Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find :
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

Pastoral and Pathetic

‘ If to fair India’s coast we sail,
 Thine eyes are seen in di’monds bright;
 Thy breath is Afric’s spicy gale;
 Thy skin is ivory so white:
 Thus ev’ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

‘ Tho’ battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Tho’ cannons roar, yet safe from harms
 William shall to his dear return;
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan’s eye.’

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
 No longer must she stay on board;
 They kiss’d, she sigh’d, he hung his head:
 Her less’ning boat unwilling row’d to land:
 ‘ Adieu!’ she cry’d, and wav’d her lily hand.

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

By Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

The silver Moon’s enamour’d beam
 Steals softly thro’ the night,
 To wanton in the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light:
 To courts be gone, heart-soothing Sleep,
 Where you’ve so seldom been,
 Whilst I my wakeful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay;
 Till Morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis’d May:

Pastoral and Pathetic

The nymphs and swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love;
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green----
 Fond bird! 'tis not the Morning breaks;
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now, blithsome, o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead.
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay;
 Till May, in morning robe, draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen:
 The nymphs and swains, exulting, cry,
 Here's Kate of Aberdeen.

SONNET.

Supposed to be written by Werter.

Make there my tomb beneath the lime-tree's shade,
 Where grass and flowers in wild luxuriance wave;
 Let no memorial mark where I am laid;
 Or point to common eyes the Lover's grave:
 But oft at twilight morn, or closing day,
 The faithful Friend, with salt'ring step shall glide,
 Tributes of fond regret by stealth to pay,
 And sigh for the unhappy Suicide.
 And sometimes, when the Sun, with parting rays,
 Gilds the long grass that hides my silent bed,

Pastoral and Pathetic

The tears shall tremble in my Charlotte's eyes;
 Dear, precious drops! they shall embalm the dead.
 Yes; Charlotte o'er the mournful spot shall weep,
 Where her poor Werter and his sorrows sleep.

THE DEATH OF ALLEN.

The bells they rang all in the morn,
 And Allen arose full soon;
 Sad tidings were heard for Allen to hear,
 That Mary would wed ere noon.

Then Allen he call'd on Thomas's name,
 And Thomas came at his call:
 'Make ready a coffin and winding shroud,
 For Mary shall see my fall.

'When last we parted with brimful eye,
 Right loving she made a vow;
 But Richard has twice as many sheep,
 And Mary forgets me now.

'Then bear me to the green-grass bank,
 Where we did kiss and play;
 And tell her, the rain, that made it so green,
 Has wash'd my kisses away.'

The bridegroom led the bride so fair;
 The priest he came anon;
 But Thomas he brought his dear friend's corse,
 Or ere the wedding was done.

He laid him on the green-grass bank,
 Where they did kiss and play;
 And told her, the rain, that made it so green,
 Had wash'd his kisses away.

Pastoral and Pathetic

When she beheld poor Allen's dead corse,
 Her maiden blush was lost ;
 She faded, as tho' on April morn
 A primrose nipt by a frost.

Then, all beneath one fatal stone,
 Together they bury'd were :
 False maidens, who break your plighted vow,
 Take heed you come not there.

FAIR ROSALE.

By Mr. RICHARDSON.

On that lone bank where Lubin died,
 Fair Rosale, a wretched maid,
 Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,
 Faithful to her Lubin's shade.
 ' Oh ! may some kind, some gentle wave
 Waft him to this mournful shore ;
 These tender hands should make his grave,
 And deck his corpse with flowers o'er.

' I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,
 And pray for his eternal rest :
 When Time his form has worn away,
 His dust I'd place within my breast.'
 While thus she mourn'd her Lubin lost,
 And Echo to her grief replied,
 Lo, at her feet his corpse was tost !
 She shriek'd ! she clasp'd him, sigh'd, and died !

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweet of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove ;

Pastoral and Pathetic

'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began :
 No more with himself, or with Nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

Ah why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
 Why, alone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
 For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And Sorrow no longer thy bosom intral.
 But if Pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn ;
 O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away,
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
 The moon half-extinguish'd her crescent displays :
 But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendour again ;
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew ?
 Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
 For morn is approaching your charms to restore ;
 Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
 Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn ;
 Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save ;
 But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn ?
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !

CONVIVIAL

BACCHANALIAN.

ANACREONTIC.

LET the schools about happiness warmly dispute,
 And weary their sense in the ceaseless pursuit;
 In spite of their maxims, I dare to define
 The grand summum bonum a bumper of wine.

'Tis the balsam specific that heals ev'ry fore;
 The oftner we taste it, we love it the more:
 'Tis the cement of friendship, the opium of strife,
 The plaister of sorrow, the cordial of life.

While thus we carouse it, the wheels of the soul
 O'er Life's rugged highway agreeably roll;
 Each thinks of his charmer, who never can cloy;
 While Fancy rides post to the regions of Joy.

Then, he, who true happiness seeks to obtain,
 Undaunted the pool of the goblet must drain;
 For, he, who the courts of the goddesses would know,
 Thro' Bacchus's vineyard-plantation must go.

Preach not to me your musty rules,
 Ye drones, that mould in idle cell;
 The heart is wiser than the schools;
 The senses always reason well.

If short my span, I less can spare
 To pass a single pleasure by;
 An hour is long, if lost in care;
 They only live, who life enjoy.

By Capt. MORRIS.

Though Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
 And Folly in thought-drowning revels delight;
 Such worship, alas! hath no charms for the soul,
 When softer devotions the senses invite.

To the arrow of Fate, or the canker of Care,
 His potion oblivious a balm may bestow:
 But, to Fancy that feeds on the charms of the Fair,
 The death of Reflection's the birth of all Woe.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
 With riot would bid the sweet vision begone?
 For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine,
 Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

The tender excess, that enamours the heart,
 To few is imparted, to millions deny'd:
 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
 And fools jest at that for which sages have dy'd.

Bacchanalian

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my doom,
 And well can I speak of its joy and its strife;
 The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
 But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.

Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight
 The magic illusions that ravish the soul!
 Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
 Nor e'er jolly God! from thy banquet remove;
 But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
 That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd by love.

THE VIRTUE OF WINE.

Better our heads than hearts should ach;
 Love's childish empire we despise;
 Good wine of him a slave can make,
 And force a lover to be wise.

Wine sweetens all the cares of peace,
 And takes the terror off from war;
 To love's affliction it gives ease,
 And to our joys does best prepare.

Better our heads than hearts should ach;
 Love's childish empire we despise:
 Good wine of him a slave can make,
 And force a lover to be wise.

By George KEATE, Esq.

Gloomy Care can ne'er controul
 Joys that wait the temp'rate bowl:
 Welcome all its pure delights;
 Blameless days, and peaceful nights.

In our cup her radiant wings
 Fancy dips, and brighter springs:
 To her the pow'r is giv'n
 To soar beyond the pride of kings,
 And form on ev'ry spot a heav'n.

By G. A. STEVENS.

When Bacchus, the patron of love, wit, and mirth,
 With vineyards had planted the face of the earth,
 Tho' nations turn'd rebels, and broke from his sway,
 Some, drunk with his bounty, deny'd to obey.

Derry down, &c.

He harness'd his tygers, he marshall'd his force;
 Silenus was sutler, Lord Pan led the horse;
 The Ganges they pass'd, came in sight of the foe,
 And struck them all dead without striking a blow.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas Pan did the feat, put their troops in a fright,
 For he slyly stole into their camp over night;
 And while they were sleeping, not dreaming such matter,
 He drew off their wine, fill'd their flasks up with water.

Derry down, &c.

Next morn when they 'woke, and their bottles pull'd out,
 The first gulp they took put them all to the rout;
 They trembled from monarch to th' meanest mechanic;
 From whence comes the phrase, to put men in a panic.

Derry down, &c.

Ye heroes of Europe, whose martial parade
 Attracts the soft sense of each dress-tempted maid,
 Well judge of this scheme, and impartial declare,
 Could you with mere water march fearless to war?

Derry down, &c.

Bacchanalia

The buck of the Greeks, Alexander by name,
 As much by his drinking as fighting got fame :
 He was sure of the victory, lads, you must think,
 Who drank but to conquer, and conquer'd to drink.
 Derry down, &c.

By foul pale-fac'd villains, who only drank water,
 Great Cæsar was dragg'd to the senate-house slaughter:
 Had they drank what they ought, they'd have dropt
 their design,
 And no more spilt his blood, than we bucks spill our
 wine.
 Derry down, &c.

'Tis by maxims more noble we nourish our youth ;
 Kept constant to claret, they're constant to truth :
 On the virtues of wine we may safely depend ;
 He who sticks to his bottle, will stick to his friend.
 Derry down, &c.

'Tis wine (like the Sun) that invigorates our hours.
 Wine blooms our complexion, as Sol blooms the flow'rs ;
 And as birds grateful sing, when he spreads his bright
 rays,
 So we bucks, in full chorus, chaunt bright clarets praise.
 Derry down, &c.

Each rose, when the Sun's from the hemisphere fled,
 Shuts his leaves, dewy weeps, and hangs heavy his head ?
 When his wine's gone, each buck thus as sad will be-
 come,
 Folds his arms, gives a sigh, hides his head, and sculks
 home.
 Derry down, &c.

THE GIFT OF THE GODS.

When Freedom was banish'd from Greece and from
Rome,

And wander'd neglected in search of a home,
Jove, willing to fix her where long she might stand,
Turn'd the globe round about to examine each land;
With nice circumspection he view'd the whole ball,
And weigh'd in his balance the merit of all;
Then quickly determin'd that England alone
Was the spot well adapted for Liberty's throne.

Gay Momus insisted, no place was more fit
Than the island of Freedom for true attic wit;
And Venus confess'd, if 'twere pleasing to Jove,
She wou'd wish to make England the empire of Love;
Then Mars nobly stept from his mistress's side,
And swore that the Britons in arms should preside;
While Bacchus declar'd, that each heart-cheering juice
For the use of brave Englishmen he would produce.

To render complete all the blessings now past,
And provide that they might to eternity last,
'Twas resolv'd that a toast should that instant be giv'n,
And drank in full bumpers of nectar thro' heav'n;
The toast of the gods was, and mark it, ye free—
“ May Britons with Britons for ever agree!”
By their enemies then they shall always be fear'd,
And with wine, wit, and women, incessantly cheer'd.

By the late Lord EGLINTOUN.

To-day let us never be slaves,
Nor the fate of to-morrow inquire:
All wizards and gypsies are knaves;
And the Devil, you know, is a liar.

Bacchanalian

Then take off a bumper while you may ;
 Let us drink, and sing, till our hairs grow gray.

He's a fool, he's an ass,
 That will balk a full glass,
 For fear of another day.

By R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

A bumper of good liquor
 Will end a contest quicker
 Than justice, judge, or vicar,
 So fill a cheerful glass.

So fill, &c.

But, if more deep the quarrel,
 Why sooner drain the barrel,
 Than be that hateful fellow,
 That's crabbed when he's mellow.

Why sooner, &c.

WINE THE SOURCE OF CONTENT.

You know that our ancient philosophers hold,
 There is nothing in beauty, or honor, or gold ;
 That bliss in externals no mortal can find :
 And in truth, my good friends, I am quite of their mind.

What makes a man happy I never can doubt ;
 'Tis something within him, and nothing without.
 This something, they say, is the source of content ;
 And, whatever they call'd it, 'twas wine that they meant.

Without us, indeed, it is not worth a pin ;
 But, ye Gods ! how divine, if ye get it within !
 'Tis then of all blessings the flourishing root ;
 And, in spite of the world, we can gather the fruit.

Bacchanalian

When the bottle is wanting, the soul is depress'd,
 And beauty can kindle no flame in the breast ;
 But, with wine at our hearts, we are always in love ;
 We can sing like the linnet, and bill like the dove.

The richest and greatest are poor, and repine,
 If with gold and with grandeur you give them no wine ;
 But, wine to the peasant or slave if you bring,
 He's as rich as a Jew, and as great as a king,

With wine at my heart I am happy and free ;
 Externals without it are nothing to me.
 Come, fill ; and this truth from a bumper you'll know :--
 That wine, wine alone, is our blessing below.

By Mr. DENT.

Physicians may talk of our ills,
 And parsons look wonderous grave ;
 I hate all their sermons and pills,
 Design'd for the fool and the knave.
 Then each take his glass,
 Fill'd up to the brim ;
 And toast the dear lass,
 Intended for him,

For never did Bacchus of old
 Repent of his quaffing good wine ;
 Nor Momus (for so we are told)
 At mirth or good-humour repine.
 Then each, &c.

Dull souls the best liquor decline.
 And think they're undone if they taste ;
 While we, my boys, live on good wine,
 And think we're undone if we waste.
 Then each, &c.

THE CONVIVIAL POET.

By Mr. O'KEEFFE.

Lord! Lord! without victuals and drink,
 We Poets must give up each strain;
 They help us poor devils to think,
 And thrash with more vigour our brains.
 Without victuals and drink, Lord! the world were un-
 done:
 'Tis the soul of the world—'tis the fine qua non.

The Soldier, 'midst battle's alarms,
 Without them could ill face his foe;
 So faint would he handle his arms,
 And draw with such weakness his bow.
 Without victuals, &c.

What would Ladies and Gentlemen do,
 That say such fine things to each other?
 They would never be able to coo;
 They would never be father and mother;
 Without victuals, &c.

Then hey for good victuals and drink;
 Who is there that would not carouse?
 Whoever he may be, I think,
 He's not to be found in this house.
 Without victuals, &c.

By Chase PRICE.

Round Arthur's gay table some love to be gambling,
 Squand'ring their cash at their creditor's cost;
 While some to the plains of Newmarket love rambling
 Blund'ring too oft the wrong side the post:
 But pleasure inviting, and women delighting,
 My spirits exhale, and enrapture me most,

With these ev'ry vapour I chase,
 Rejecting the fiend of Despair;
 Look Poverty full in the face,
 And kick up the crutches of Care.

Ye formal, methodical sons of sobriety,
 Phlegmatic and cold, to festivity coy,
 Who ne'er knew the pleasures of mirthful society,

un-
 ne:

Whose ~~lump~~ of life seldom wakes into joy;
 Adieu to such notions! for Bacchus's potions,
 Inspiring good humour, far better I prize:
 Go preach your dull maxims ~~ell~~ where,
 Shake your noddles, and seem to look wise;
 To me your dull precepts forbear;
 Believe me your cant I despise.

What Pope has ascrib'd to the fountain poetical;
 Holds good with respect to the grape's purple stream;
 Maintain it I will against all that are critical,
 However absurd the maxims may seem.

With draughts that are shallow the head's over mellow,
 Then snap goes the axis that holds up the brain:
 But drinking large bumpers inspires
 The animal flow of each vein;
 Rekindles the soul's dying fires,
 And makes us all sober again.

Then take off your bumpers, you sons of virility,
 So shall ye triumph o'er Bacchus's tun:
 Be merry, my boys, and enjoy risibility;
 Happiness rises from laughter and fun.
 To make the glass sweeter, our pleasures completer,
 Dear Woman steps in with a look debonaire;
 She the waste of Love's ledger repairs,
 She makes herself kind as she's fair:
 Her hand most good-natur'dly tears
 Ev'ry leaf from the volume of Care.

ling

WINE THE ONLY CERTAIN GOOD.

What is there in this foolish life,
For which we vainly hope,
That mortal wights can call their own?
Riches are on a sudden flown,
And e'en our wives elope.

We cannot find that sought-for stone,
Nor yet life's grand elixir;
Beauty is frail; and, as for Fame,
She's grown so slippery a dame,
No soul on earth can fix her.

Health is unwilling long to stay,
And quacks themselves grow sick;
Honors but small distinctions make;
What odds, when footmen drink and rake,
And nobles run a tick?

Some tell you, wife and virtuous souls
Have th' only certain good;
But, spite of philosophic rules,
Old age and crosses make us fools,
Temptations make us lewd.

Nay, when thou seest the blushing wine
Red sparkling in thy hand,
Thou'lt think, 'At least this liquor's mine;
Though all the envious pow'rs combine
Yet this I dare command.'

But ah! a thousand things fall out
Betwixt the lip and cup;
With caution put the glass about,
The coming pledge hangs still in doubt,
Till you have drank it up.

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But when, delicious through the throat,
 We feel the stream run down,
 We've found the mighty thing we fought;
 That's our's indeed; that, that dear draught
 We justly call our own.

THE BACCHANALIAN'S WISH.

Give me but a friend and a glass, boys,
 I'll show ye what 'tis to be gay,
 I'll not care a fig for a lass, boys,
 Nor love my brisk youth away;
 Give me but an honest fellow,
 That's pleasantest when he's mellow,
 We'll live twenty-four hours a day.

'Tis woman in chains does bind, boys,
 But 'tis wine that makes us free;
 'Tis woman that makes us blind, boys,
 But wine make us doubly see.
 The female is true to no man,
 Deceit is inherent to woman,
 But none in a brimmer can be.

THE FROLICKSOME FELLOW.

By Mr. O'KEEFE.

In London my life is a ring of delight,
 In frolicks I keep up the day and the night;
 I snooze at the Hummums till twelve, perhaps later,
 I rattle the bell, and I roar up the waiter:
 'Your honor,' says he, and tips me a leg,
 He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg;
 For tea in the morning's a flop I renounce,
 So I down with a glass of the right cherry-bounce.

With swearing, tearing,

Ranting, jaunting,

Slashing, smashing,

Smacking, cracking,

Rumbling, tumbling;

Laughing, quaffing,

Smoking, joking,

Swaggering, staggering;

So thoughtless, so knowing, so green, and so mellow;

This, this is the life of a frolicksome fellow.

My phaeton I mount, and the plebs they all stare,

I handle my reins, and my elbows I square;

My ponies so plump, and as white as a lily,

Through Pall Mall I spank it, and up Piccadilly;

Till losing a wheel, egad down came I smack,

So at Knightbridge I throw myself into a hack;

At Tatterfall's sling a leg over my nag,

Thus visit for dinner, then dress in a bag.

With swearing, &c.

I roll round the Garden, and call at the Rose,

And then at both Playhouses pop in my nose;

I lounge in the Lobby, laugh, swear, slide, and swagger,

Talk loud, take my money, and out again stagger.

I meet at the Shakespear a good natur'd soul,

Then down to our Club, at St. James's, I roll;

The joys of the night are a thousand at play,

And thus at the finish begin the next day.

With swearing, &c.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER.

Come, bustle, bustle, drink about,
 And let us merry be,
 Our can is full, we'll pump it out,
 And then all hands to sea.
 And a failing we will go.

Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught
 The minuet to tread,
 But we go better when we've brought
 The fore-tack to cat-head.
 And a failing, &c.

The jockey's call'd to horse, to horse,
 And swiftly rides the race,
 But swifter far we shape our course
 When we are giving chace.
 And a failing, &c.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
 His pack the huntsman cheers;
 As loud we hollow, when we send
 A broadside to monsieurs.
 And a failing, &c.

The What's-their-names at uproar squall,
 With music fine and soft,
 But better sounds our boatswain's call,
 All hands, all hands aloft.
 And a failing, &c.

Bacchanalian

With gold and silver streamers fine
 The ladies rigging shew,
 But English ships more grander shine,
 When prizes home we tow.

And a sailing, &c.

What's got at sea we spend on shore,
 With sweethearts or our wives ;
 And then, my boys, hoist sail for more,
 Thus pass the sailors lives.

And a sailing, &c.

JOLLY BACCHUS.

Come, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
 Crown this night with pleasure :
 Let none at cares of life repine,
 To destroy our pleasure :
 Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
 That ev'ry true and loyal soul
 May drink and sing without controul,
 To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
 Guardian to our pleasure,
 That under thy protection we
 May enjoy new pleasure.
 And as the hours glide away,
 We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
 And sing their praises that we may
 Live and die with pleasure.

S O N G.

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild
(ale,

(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e're drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jelly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had dissolv'd it again;
A potter found out, in a covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he made this brown jug
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

S O N G.

Bacchus, god of mirth and wine,
Lo I bend before thy shrine;
Fill the goblet, fill it up,
Let me drain the juicy cup;
Fit libations let me pour,
Asses spill it on the floor.

Bacchanalian

What avails the marble fain,
 Impotent and idle vain,
 Or the frantic Dotard there,
 Spouting out his frothy pray'r:
 Know in me at once thou seest,
 Both the temple and the priest.

Round my head ye virgins twine,
 Circling branches of the vine,
 Branches that with clusters nod,
 Clusters worthy of the god;
 Which shall o'er my hair diffuse,
 Richer than Arabian dews.

Drunk, more drunk, and now I feel
 The god; I burn, I foam, I reel;
 'Tis fury flies through every part,
 And rages in my head, my heart,
 My spirits blaze, my cares are drown'd,
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, the world goes round.

THE GENERAL TOAST.

Here's to the maid of bashful fifteen,
 Likewise to the widow of fifty;
 Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize.
 And likewise to her that has none, fir;
 Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to her that's but one, fir.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry ;
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient I care not a feather ;
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together.
Let the toast pass, &c.
Drink to the last,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

FATHER PAUL.

Let grave divines preach up dull rules,
And moral wit refine,
The precepts taught in Roman schools
We friars here define.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to Father Paul !
For flowing bowls
Inspire the souls
Of jolly friars all.

When in the convent we are met,
We laugh, we joke, and sing :
All worldly cares we there forget,
For Father Paul's our king.

Chorus, Here's a health, &c.

Bacchanalian

No absolution we will give,
 Ye blue-ey'd nuns so fair;
 No benediction here receive,
 But banish all your care.
 Chorus, Here's a health, &c.

With beads and cross, not held divine,
 We pray with fervent zeal,
 To rosy Bacchus, god of wine,
 Who does each joy reveal.
 Chorus, Here's a health, &c.

May ev'ry friar please his nun!
 Each nun her friar please!
 And each alike, enjoy the fun,
 With freedom and with ease.
 Chorus, Here's a health, &c.

Then fill your bumpers, sons of mirth,
 Let friars be the toast;
 Long may they all exist on earth,
 And nuns their order boast!
 Chorus, Here's a health, &c.

FRIENDSHIP AND WINE.

By Mr. GILSON.

Let the grave and the gay enjoy life how they may,
 My pleasures their pleasures surpass;
 Go the world well or ill, 'tis the same with me still,
 If I have but my friend and my glass.]

The lover may sigh, the courtier may lie,
 And Cræsus his treasure amass;
 All the joys are but vain that are blended with pain;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

New life wine inspires, and creates new desires,
 And oft wins the lover his lass;
 Or his courage prepares to disdain the nymph's airs;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

The earth sucks the rain, the sun draws the main,
 With the earth we are all in a class;
 Then enliven the clay, let us live while we may,
 And I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

'Tis friendship and wine only life can refine:
 We care not whate'er comes to pass
 With courtiers or great men, there's none of us states-
 men:
 Come—Here's to our friend and our glass.

SONS OF CARE.

By the gayly circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask are told,
 How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day,
 Drives us from our sports away;
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you.
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

Bacchanalian

Come, then fill the chearful glass,
 Truth is only found in wine :
 Tales of love are all a farce.
 But true friendship is divine,
 But true friendship is divine.

THE MIGHTY BOWL.

Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
 Large as my capacious soul ;
 Vast as my thirst is, let it have
 Depth enough to be my grave :
 I mean the grave of all my care,
 For I design to bury't there.

Let it of silver fashion'd be,
 Worthy of wine, worthy of me ;
 Worthy to adorn the spheres,
 As that bright cup amongst the stars.
 Fill me a bowl, &c.

Set by Mr. BOYCE.

Rail no more, ye learned asses,
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies ;
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
 Wisdom at the bottom lies :
 Fill them higher still, and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain ;
 Sipping quenches all our fire,
 Bumpers light it up again.

Bacchanalian

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,
 Enter jollity and joy:
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ:
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage;
 And when death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

MINGLING OF SOULS.

Wou'd you know how we meet o'er our jolly full bowls?
 As we mingle our liquors, we mingle our souls;
 The sweet melts the sharp, the kind sooths the strong,
 And nothing but friendship grows all the night long:
 We drink, laugh, and celebrate every desire,
 Love only remains our unquenchable fire.

S O N G.

With a cheerful old friend, and a merry old song,
 And a tankard of porter, I could sit the night long,
 And laugh at the follies of those that repine,
 Tho' I must drink porter, while they can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, be he ever so great,
 Nor scorn I the wretch for his lowly estate;
 But what I abhor, and deem as a curse,
 Is meanness of spirit, not poorness of purse.

Then let us, companions, be cheerful and gay,
 And cheerfully spend life's remainder away;
 Upheld by a friend, our foes we'll despise,
 For the more we are envy'd the higher we rise.

M

S O N G.

Sung in LETHE.

Ye mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
 Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;
 Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
 Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest.
 Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young one's the lover they cannot regain;
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd.
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife, at one draught may forget all her wants,
 Or drench her fond fool, to forget her gallants;
 The troubled in mind shall go cheerful away,
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to day.
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

C A T C H.

INTRODUCTION TO THE BOWL.

For four Voices.

See, my boys, the fuming bowl,
 Let Jolly bumpers take their round,
 Rapture seize on every soul,
 Till loud each cheerful voice resound,

Power and wealth, beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd,
Joy abound, pleasure found,
Only when the glass go round.

C A T C H.

Quoth Jack, on a time to Tom, I'll declare it,
I've a mind we should fuddle our noses with claret;
Says Tom, it will do you more harm than you think,
Fie on you, says Jack, who can live without drink?
I'll ne'er baulk my wine, here's to thy dispose.
Tom pretends not to drink, pray look at his nose.

C A T C H.

For three Voices.

Come friends and companions, let's take a full glass,
And each drink a health to his favourite lass,
And each drink a health,
And each drink a health,
And each drink a health to his favourite lass,
And each drink a health, &c.

With wine and with love let the evening be crown'd,
Let no envy or discord among us be found,
With heart free from trouble we cheerfully sing,
Huzza for our country! huzza for our King!
Huzza for our country, &c.

S O N G.

Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and instead of the brine
He'd have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

Bacchanalian

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
 For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain!
 No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking;
 The fishes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more haste,
 Secure in the ev'ning of such a repast;
 And when he'd got tipsy would have taken his nap
 With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
 Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine;
 What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
 To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals when blest'd with such rain,
 To fill all our vessels, and fill them again!
 Nay, even the beggar that has ne'er a dish,
 Might jump in the river, and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment in e'ery one's brow,
 Hob, as great as a prince, dancing after the plow!
 The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
 Altho' they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who I think don't to drinking incline,
 Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
 And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
 That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we then enjoy'd,
 Our spirits still rising; our fancy ne'er cloy'd!
 A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
 To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

S O N G.

Sons of Bacchus let's be gay,
 Nimbly move the chee·ful glaſs,
 Life is ſhort, and glides away,
 Let it then in pleaſure paſs :
 Phœbus now may hide his light,
 Silver Cynthia ceaſe to ſhine,
 Bacchus rays are far more bright,
 Sparkling from the generous wine.
 Sparkling from the generous wine.

When the nymph is coy and cold,
 And puts on a ſcornful air,
 Bacchus makes the lover bold,
 Courage ever gains the fair.
 While the fool who waſtes his time,
 Trifling o'er inſipid tea :
 Ne'er can aim at things ſublime,
 'Til he freely drinks like me,
 'Til he freely drinks like me.

N A V A L
A N D
M I L I T A R Y.

By R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

THE wand'ring tar, who not for years had prest
The widow'd partner of his day of rest,
On the cold deck, far from her arms remov'd,
He hums the ditty which his Susan lov'd ;
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.

The foldier, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the triumph of his Nancy's smile :
But ere the battle should he hear her cries,
The lover trembles, and the hero dies :
That heart, by War and Honour steel'd to fear,
Drops at a sigh, and sickens at a tear.

Nav. and Mil.

In female breasts did Sense and Merit rule,
 The lover's mind would ask no other school;
 Sham'd into sense the scholars of our eyes,
 Our beaux from gallantry would soon be wise;
 Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
 The lamp of Knowledge at the torch of Love.

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

Twas up the wind, three leagues and more,

We 'spy'd a lofty sail;

Set your top-gallant sails, my boys,

And closely hug the gale.

Nine knots the nimble Milford ran;

Thus, thus the master cry'd:

'Hull up!' She rais'd the chace in view,

And soon was side by side.

'Dowse your Dutch ensign! up St. George!

To quarters now, all hands!

With lighted match, beside his gun,

Each British warrior stands.

'Give fire!' our gallant captain cries;

'Tis done—the cannons roar:

'Stand clear, Monfieurs! digest these pills,

And then we'll send you more.

'Your French jack shivers in the wind;

Its lilies all look pale;

Down it must come—it must come down;

For Britons will prevail.'

Nav. and Mil.

Rak'd fore and aft, her shatter'd hull

Lets in the briny flood ;

Her decks are carnag'd with the slain ;

Her scuppers stream with blood.

Our chain-shot whistles in the wind ;

Our grape descends like hail :

Huzza, my soul ! three cheering shouts !

French hearts begin to fail.

And see, 'tis done—She strikes ; she yields ;

Down, haughty flag of France !

Now board her, boys ! and, on her staff,

The English cross advance.

There let it ever fly, my hearts,

To awe these Gallic slaves ;

So freely tofs the can about ;

For Britons rule the waves.

There let it ever fly, &c.

By R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

When 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,

And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main ;

Then sailors think of their far distant home,

And of those friends they ne'er may see again.

But when the fight's begun,

Each serving at his gun,

Should any thought of them come o'er our mind ;

We think, but should the day be won,

How 'twill cheer

Their hearts, to hear

That their old companion he was one.

Nav. and Mil.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind,
 Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
 And sighs to think how it may fare with you;
 O, when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of her come o'er your mind;
 Think only should that day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Her heart to hear
 That her own true sailor he was one.

BY W. HAYLEY, Esq.

Ye cliffs! I to your airy steep
 Ascend, with trembling hope and fear,
 To gaze on this extensive deep,
 And watch if William's sails appear.

Long months elapse, while here I breathe
 Vain expectation's frequent pray'r;
 Till, bending o'er the waves beneath,
 I drop the tear of dumb despair.

But see a glist'ning sail in view!
 Tumultuous hopes arise:
 'Tis he—I feel the vision true;
 I trust my conscious eyes.

His promis'd signals from the mast
 My timid doubts destroy:
 What was your pain, ye terrors past,
 To this ecstatic joy?

By Mr. O'KEEFFE.

The night when past,—in golden skies,
 If whiten'd cliffs the sailor spies,
 Completely blest'd !
 The sight each tender thought inspires;
 His love's on shore, and fancy fires
 His faithful breast ;
 The dancing waves salute his oar,
 He pulls, and sings. ' My love's on shore !'

S O N G.

For ever recorded be that glorious day,
 When brave and gallant Elliot, with his chosen few,
 True British heroes, with British valour steel'd,
 A great and mighty host of foes o'erthrew.
 He, like th' impervious rock,
 Stood firm amid the shock ;
 No fear could shake his daring soul.
 The streams of blood
 Pour'd like a flood ;
 And thunders shook from pole to pole.

Hark ! how the cannon, with impetuous roar,
 Deal dread destruction 'mid surrounding foes !
 Princes and people line the distant shore ;
 And weep, in silent awe, their country's woes.
 Now, hear the whistling shot :
 The balls, they fly red-hot ;
 The hulls are quickly all on fire.
 Look ev'ry way,
 Death and dismay,
 Will surely make the foe retire.

Nav. and Mil.

The gun-boats all advance, by valiant Curtis led ;
 Not thunder, sea, nor fire can daunt Britannia's Son :
 Rous'd from the deep, old Neptune rears his head,
 Well pleas'd to see the fight so nobly won.

E'en now before our fight,
 They sink in endless night ;
 Behold the wretched fallen crew !
 Haste, haste, and save,
 From wat'ry grave,
 The poor, distress'd, surviving few.

Britannia joyful now appears,
 Her godlike chiefs to crown ;
 Fame sounds her golden trump on high,
 To deeds of high renown.

Whilst Britain's sons so firm unite,
 And heroes such command,
 No envious hostile foe will dare
 Disturb a happy land.

THOMAS AND SALLY.

By Dr. JOHN HOADLY.

Fair Sally lov'd a bonny seaman ;
 With tears she sent him out to roam :
 Young Thomas lov'd no other woman,
 But left his heart with her at home.
 She view'd the sea from off the hill,
 And, as she turn'd her spinning-wheel,
 Sung of her bonny sailor.

N 2

Nav. and Mil.

The wind grew loud, and she grew paler
 To see the weathercock turn round,
 When, lo! she spied her bonny sailor
 Come singing o'er the fallow ground,
 With nimble haste he leap'd the stile,
 Fair Sally met him with a smile,
 And hugg'd her bonny sailor.

Fast round the waist he took his Sally,
 But first around his mouth wip'd he;
 Like home-bred spark he could not dally,
 But press'd and kiss'd her with a glee;
 'Through winds and waves and dashing rain,'
 Said he, 'thy Tom's return'd again
 To bring a heart for Sally.'

'Welcome!' cry'd she, 'my constant Thomas!
 Though out of sight, ne'er out of mind;
 Though seas our hearts have parted from us,
 Yet still my thoughts were left behind:
 So much my thoughts took Tommy's part,
 That time nor absence from my heart
 Could drive my constant Thomas.'

'This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,
 Which still I've kept for her dear sake,
 A thousand times in amorous folly
 Her name has carv'd upon the deck;
 Again the happy pledge returns
 To shew how truly Thomas burns,
 How truly burns for Sally.'

Nav and Mil.

• This thimble, thou didst give to Sally,
 Whene'er I see, I think on you ;
 Then why should Tom stand shilly-shally,
 When yonder steeple is in view ?
 Tom, never to occasion blind,
 Now took her in the coming mind,
 And went to church with Sally.

IN THE POSITIVE MAN.

Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear :
 When forc'd from her to go,
 Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear ;
 My heart was fraught with woe.
 Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we stood ;
 The land we left behind :
 Her tears then swell'd the briny flood ;
 My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep : and now between
 Us lay the ocean wide :
 For five long years I had not seen
 My sweet, my bonny bride.
 That time I sail'd the world around,
 All for my true love's sake ;
 But press'd as we were homeward bound—
 I thought my heart would break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd, in vain,
 To let me once on shore :
 I long'd to see my Poll again,
 But saw my Poll no more.

Nav. and Mil.

‘ And have they torn my love away ?
 And is he gone ?’ she cry’d :
 My Polly, sweetest flow’r of May,
 She languish’d, droop’d, and dy’d.

THE STORM.

By G. A. STEVENS.

Cease, rude Boreas, blust’ring railer !
 Lift, ye landmen all, to me ;
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea ;
 From bounding billows, first in motion
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest-troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
 ‘ By top-sail sheets and haulyards stand ;
 Down top-gallants, quick be hauling
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand !
 Now it freshens, set the braces,
 The lee top-sail sheets let go :
 Luff, boys, luff, don’t make wry faces,
 Up your top-sails nimbly clew.’

Now, all you on down beds sporting,
 Fondly lock’d in beauty’s arms,
 Fresh enjoyment wanton courting,
 Safe from all but Love’s alarms ;
 Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fears our minds enthrall ;
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder :
 Hark ! again the boatswains call.

Nav. and Mil.

' The top-sail-yards point to the wind, boys,
 See all clear to reef each course,
 Let the fore-sheet go, do'nt mind, boys,
 Tho' the weather should be worse:
 Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
 Reef the mizen, see all clear ;
 Hands up, each preventer-brace set ;
 Man the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer.'

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
 Peals on peals contending clash,
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash :
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky ;
 Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,
 Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

' The foremast's gone !' cries every tongue out,
 ' O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck ;
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out ;
 Call all hands to clear the wreck :
 Quick the land-yards cut to pieces,
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;
 Plumb the well, the leak increases ;
 Four feet water's in the hold !'

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn :
 Alas ! from hence there's no retreating !
 Alas ! to them there's no return !
 Still the leak is gaining on us ;
 Both chain-pumps are choak'd below ;
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us ?
 For only that can save us now.

Nav. and Mil.

' On the lee-beam is the land, boys !
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;
 To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys ;
 See, our mizen-mast is gone !
 The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast ;
 We've lighten'd her a foot, or more ;
 Up, and rig a jury-fore-mast ;
 She rights, she rights, boys ; we're off shore.

' Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind fortune fav'd our lives ;
 Come—the can, boys—let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives.
 Fill it up—about ship wheel it ;
 Close to the lips a brimmer join ;
 Where's the tempest now ? who feels it ?
 None—our danger's drown'd in wine.'

JOVIAL COMPANIONS.

Come, comè, my jolly lads !
 The wind's abaft :
 Brisk gales our sails shall crowd ;
 Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, boys,
 Haul the boat ;
 The boatswain pipes aloud :
 The ship's unmoor'd ;
 All hands on board ;
 The rising gale
 Fills ev'ry sail ;
 The ship's well mann'd and stor'd :

Then sling the flowing bowl—
 Fond hopes arise—
 The girls we prize
 Shall bless each jovial soul
 The cann, boys, bring—
 We'll drink and sing,
 While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast
 We're bound to steer,
 We'll still our rights maintain;
 Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,
 Soon we'll see
 Old England once again :
 From shore to shore,
 While cannons roar,
 Our tars shall shew
 The haughty foe,
 Buitannia rules the main.
 Then sling the flowing bowl, &c.

G R O G.

Jolly true blues of the main,
 Well skill'd in heaving the log,
 Attend to a sailor's rough strain,
 Who sings of your favourite grog.
 For grog is the liquor of life,
 The delight of each true British tar ;
 It banishes sorrow and strife,
 And softens the hardships of war.

His vineyards the Monsieur may boast,
 And delight in the soup of a frog;
 But too soon he shall find to his cost,
 That claret must yield to good grog.
 For grog, &c.

Each Saturday night that revolves,
 My messmate he gives me a jog;
 To the wife or the sweetheart he loves,
 He takes off a cann of good grog.
 For grog, &c.

If Jove should as whilom descend,
 Of some female mortal a-gog,
 His nectar he surely would mend,
 By mixing his liquor with grog.
 For grog, &c.

I heard an Hibernian declare,
 By St. Patrick, tho' born in a bog,
 That while he could see with an ear,
 No wine he would drink except grog.
 For grog, &c.

No danger our hearts can dismay,
 No terror we feel from a flog;
 For what is a dozen a-day,
 To a double allowance of grog?
 For grog, &c.

Now war is declar'd, let's advance;
 May the flincher be hang'd like a dog!
 Who strikes to Spain, Holland, or France,
 Is a stranger to freedom and grog.
 For grog, &c.

S O N G.

Thursday in the morn the nineteenth of May,
Recorded be for ever the famous Ninety-two;
Brave Russell did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing now:
‘All hands aloft, aloft, — let English valour shine;
Let fly a culverin, a signal for the line;
Let ev’ry man supply his gun;
Follow me,
And you’ll see
That the battle will be soon begun.’

Tourville on the main triumphant roll’d,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English Admiral and his fleet;
Now ev’ry valiant mind to victory doth aspire;
The bloody fight’s begun, the sea is all on fire;
And mighty Fate stood looking on,
Whilst a flood,
All of blood,
Fill’d the scuppers of the Rising Sun.
Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder, affright the Gallic shore.
Their regulated band stood trembling near,
To see their lofty streamers, now no more!
At six o’clock, the red, the smiling victor led,
To give a second blow — the fatal overthrow;
Now death and horror equal reign;
Now they cry,
‘Run, or die!’
British colours ride the vanquish’d main.

Nav. and Mil.

See, they fly amaz'd thro' rocks and sands;
 One danger they grasp at, to shun the greater fate;
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands:
 The nymphs and sea gods mourn their lost estate:
 For evermore adieu, thou dazzling Rising Sun!
 From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun:
 Enough, thou mighty god of war:
 Now we sing,
 Bless the king!
 Let us drink to ev'ry English tar.

S O N G.

The wand'ring sailor plows the main,
 A competence in life to gain;
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from Pole to Pole;
 Tho' deathful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
 The early scenes of youth renew;
 Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast:
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore.

S O N G.

The gallant foldier born to arms,
 All willing from his home he goes ;
 For honor leaves all other charms,
 To meet in field surrounding foes !
 In hopes, when war no more shall reign,
 To hail his native land again.

Where'er he goes, in deadly fight,
 'Midst din of arms and cannons' roar,
 His martial ardour gives delight,
 Till enemies for peace implore.
 The gallant foldier, &c.

With pride he views his hard campaigns,
 When toils and dangers are no more ;
 Of scars and wounds he ne'er complains,
 When 'gain he meets his native shore.
 The gallant foldier, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CHEERFUL HIBERNIAN.

ALL you that are wife, & think life worth enjoying,
 Or foldier or sailer, by land or by sea,
 In loving and laughing your time be employing;
 Your glass to your lip, and your las on your knee.
 Come sing away, honeys, and cast off all sorrow!
 Though we all die to-day, let's be merry to-morrow;
 A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
 A moment of time to be joyous and free!
 Come sing, &c.

My lord and the bishop, in spight of their splendour,
 When Death gives the call, from their glories must
 part;
 Your beautiful dame, when the summons is sent her,
 Will feel the blood ebb from the cheek to the heart.

Miscellaneous.

Then sing away, honeys, and cast off your sorrow !
 Though you all die to-day, yet be merry to-morrow :
 A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
 A cordial to cherrish the sorrowful heart !
 Then sing, &c.

For riches and honor, then, why all this riot,
 Your wrangling and jangling, and all your alarms ?
 Arrah ! burn you, my honeys, you'd better be quiet,
 And take, while you can, a kind girl to your arms.
 You'd better be singing, and casting off sorrow !
 Though you all die to-day, sure, be merry to-morrow :
 A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
 One moment to toy and enjoy her sweet charms !
 You'd better, &c.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING.

Ye lads and ye lasses so buxom and clever,
 Who come from Hibernia, of famous renown,
 Put on your best bibs, and be coming together,
 So neatly yourselves all adorning.
 The music shall be sweetly playing ;
 Each shall be dancing, skipping around ;
 Green shamrock shall shine, Sir,
 To make us all fine, Sir,
 Salt fish and potatoes
 Shall smoke, my dear creatures,
 And nothing be wanting which there can be found :
 Full bumpers of whiskey
 Will make us all frisky
 On St. Patrick's Day in the morning.

Miscellaneous.

St. Patrick he was of vast estimation,
 And liv'd a great while, Sir, before he was dead;
 He frighten'd the bug-a-bos out of the nation,
 So none of your sneering and scorning;
 For many things he did most truly,
 All as clever as clever could be;

He banish'd the bugs, Sir,
 From blankets and rugs, Sir;
 Ah! hub a boo, Sir,
 What more could he do, Sir?
 Whatever he said, Sir, the blind could not see;
 With heart like shellaly,
 Then, let us be gaily

On St. Patrick's Day in the morning.

There's Phelim O'Fagan, and ruddy-fac'd Paddy,
 With many tall fellows to make up the wake;
 Miss Blarney will sing with her mamma and daddy,
 And play till the ev'ning's returning;
 With mirth and music, dance and caper,
 We will jovial, jovial be,

While each pretty Miss, Sir,
 We'll smuggle and kiss, Sir,
 And pull 'em, and haul 'em,
 And tenderly maul 'em,
 Arrah! who in the world are so merry as we?
 All this to begin, Sir,
 We think it no sin, Sir

On St. Patrick's Day in the morning.

RECITATIVE.

When cheerful day began to dawn,
 While Cupid still his pillow press'd,
 Diana, rous'd by hounds and horn,
 Her gentle virgins thus address'd.

Miscellaneous.

AIR

Hark away, hark away to the merry-ton'd horn,
 While the hounds' cheerful cries awaken the morn !
 Diana herself rules the sports of to day,
 And joins in the chorus of Hark, hark away.

With cautious step avoid the bow'r,
 Where wily Cupid sleeping lies ;
 Fond nymph, you'll rue the fatal hour,
 Should Love our spotless train surprise.
 Hark away, &c.

Love will promise and deceive,
 Leading youthful hearts astray ;
 But the joys our pastimes give
 Are jocund, innocent, and gay.
 Hark away, &c.

S O N G.

By Mr. COUTY.

O lovely maid, bestow one smile,
 On him who sighs for thee ;
 And you shall find him constant prove,
 When he returns from sea.

Remembrance of a kind adieu,
 From you my charming fair ;
 Shall weather me through every storm,
 And keep me from despair.

Miscellaneous

And tho' the waves around me foam,
 And Death appears at hand ;
 The hope of seeing thee again,
 Shall be to me as land.

And if I should be spar'd once more,
 My destin'd port to make,
 I'll there select, what e're is scarce,
 And keep them for your sake.

And when my bark is laden deep,
 And sails loos'd to the wind ;
 Then homeward bound my course I'll steer,
 You, only you to find.

And if I find you then prove true,
 My constant care shall be,
 To live and love but only you,
 And bid adieu to sea.

MASONRY DISSECTED.

Women of curiosity, come listen to my ditty,
 I sing of our freemasonry as practis'd in the city ;
 A secret rare, kept from the fair, which ne'er before
 You have at large, for a small charge, to satisfy your
 was song in,
 longing.

Fal de ral.

Then to begin the very night that I was made free-
 mason,
 In hopes to purchase large insight, I put a cheerful
 face on ;

Miscellaneous.

There were pig, and fowls, and punch in bowls, to
 gratify our senses,
 And twenty things, the landlord brings, but all at my
 expences.

Clean gloves, and white aprons were to the brethren
 handed ;
 When one with naked rapier was unto the door com-
 manded ;
 There were two or three which I did see became the
 honor'd wearers,
 Of some fine things, and filken strings, which dignify'd
 the bearers,

Next came a painted ladder upon their shoulders there
 plac'd,
 Where sat a reverend father with his p—— barefac'd ;
 The which to k——, I must not miss, 'twas terrible
 affliction,
 So like Pope Joan, in holy tone, he gave me his bene-
 diction.

Then I was enjoined to be a faithful brother,
 While every one around me professed to be another ;
 The secret keep, awake, or asleep; this great impor-
 tant matter,
 Which I should know, e're I did go, then stript me
 every tatter.

Then in a white sheet the brethren did infold me, (me ;
 I thought it wan't a sight meet, that any should behold
 With a long knife, oh my poor wife ! before I was a
 man good,
 I dare not flinch, so they took an inch, in a minute
 from my manhood.

Miscellaneous.

They applied hot burning pokers to stop the great ef-
 fusion ;
 I beheld these learned jokers with anguish and confusion ;
 A mop and pail, to cool my t---, was presently pre-
 sented ;
 Such another secret, brother, never was invented.

We drank until the seven stars to fourteen multiplied,
 Our happy union knows no jars, but all are satisfied ;
 A bottle more we had at the door, a mason's not a miser,
 And then indeed I went to bed, a mighty deal the wiser.

Each learned club I traced, as students do at college,
 But still my cash decreased, as I increas'd in knowledge ;
 There's ubequarians, nothingarians, greeks, bucks and
 lumber troopers,
 Why they are no more, than those before, true bacchan-
 alian toppers.

S O N G.

By Mr. STONE.

Come, come my brave fellows and give us a song,
 To chase the dull gloom from our minds ;
 Let musick and women our pleasures prolong :
 Sweet musick, fair women and wine.

To rouse our dull spirits, let's send round the glass,
 In social free friendship combin'd ;
 Come, my boys, here's a health to the free-willing lass,
 And the lad that's to please her inclin'd.

S O N G.

By Mr. STONE.

Once more my lovely maid adieu,
The topails forward bend ;
Through every clime I'll boast of you,
Though far from British land.

And when quite safe I'm moor'd in port,
Of you I'll constant think ;
Thy love shall be my chief support,
Whilst hovering o'er the brink.

And when return'd to England's shore,
To liberty and you ;
I'll scud the raging seas no more,
But love my charming Sue.

THE NOSE ALL A'WRY.

By Mr. HOBBS.

Through life there's nothing forms such a contrast,
As the different conceptions of charms in a lass ;
Tho' there's beauty that's striking in the blear eye,
Yet I'm for the girl with her nose all a'wry.
Her nose, &c.

Of roving I'm weary, I've search'd the wide town,
And courted the fair, the black, and the brown ;
Yet none fixt my fancy, nor a charm could I spy,
Like my beautiful girl, with her nose all a'wry.
Her nose, &c.

Miscellaneous.

Her lips are inviting and seem for to say,
 Come kiss me, my dear, there's no nose in your way;
 While crows looks the girl that has got the blear eye,
 Yet mine full of smiles with her nose all a'wry.

Her nose, &c.

Her looks are commanding, and oh! what a grace,
 To view her long nose bent close to her face;
 There's no charm or accomplishment ever can vie,
 With my delicate girl, with a nose all a'wry.

Her nose, &c.

Then cease you vain songsters no longer compare
 The blear of the eye, to the nose of my fair;
 But fill round the glass till we drain the cann dry,
 And we'll toast the dear girl with her nose all a'wry.

Her nose, &c.

THE CAST OF THE EYE.

I sigh for a damsel that's charming and fair,
 No nymph can excel her in shape and in air;
 What first gain'd my affections, I utter no lie,
 Was a delicate cast that she had in her eye.

That she had, &c.

When she's absent no pleasure nor rest can I find,
 No thought but of her, does e're enter my mind;
 But I always am happy when e're I sit by
 My delicate girl with the cast in her eye.

With the cast, &c.

Miscellaneous.

Oh if she wou'd cure me of Love's bitter pain,
 I constant to her wou'd ever remain;
 From all other lasses I'd instantly fly,
 To my delicate girl with the cast in her eye.
 With the cast, &c.

Till late I've been pleas'd with a batchelor's life,
 Nor ventur'd to turn my thoughts on a wife;
 But if ever in wedlock I happen to try,
 I shall fix on my girl with the cast in her eye.
 With the cast, &c.

MAD TOM.

Forth from my dark and dismal cell,
 Or from the dark abyfs of hell,
 Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
 To see if he can cure his distemper'd brain.

Fears and cares oppress my soul:
 Hark! how the angry Furies howl!
 Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,
 To see poor angry Tom of Bedlam mad.

Through the world I wander night and day,
 To find my straggling senses:
 In angry mood I met old Time,
 With his pentateuch of senses.

When me he spies, away he flies;
 For Time will stay for no man:
 In vain with cries I rend the skies;
 For pity is not common.

Miscellaneous

Cold and comfortless I lie :
 Help, help ! or else I die !
 Hark ! I hear Apollo's team ;
 The carman 'gins to whistle :
 Chaste Diana bends her bow ;
 And the boar begins to bristle.

Come Vulcan with tools and with tackle,
 And knock off my troublesome shackle :
 Bid Charles make ready his wain,
 To bring me my senses again.
 Last night I heard the dog-star bark ;
 Mars met Venus in the dark :
 Limping Vulcan heated an iron bar,
 And furiously made at the God of war :
 Mars with his weapon laid about :
 Limping Vulcan had got the gout ;
 His broad horns did so hang in his light,
 That he could not see to aim his blows aright.

Mercury, the nimble post of heav'n,
 Stood still to see the quarrel :
 Barrel-belly'd Bacchus, giant-like,
 Bestrid a strong-beer barrel ;
 To me he drank whole butts,
 Until he burst his guts ;
 But mine were ne'er the wider.
 Poor Tom is very dry :
 A little drink for charity.

Hark ! I hear Aëdon's hounds ;
 The huntsmen whoop and halloo ;
 Ringwood ! Rockwood ! Jowler ! Bowman !
 All the chase do follow.

The man in the moon drinks claret,
 Eats powder'd beef, turnip, and carrot ;
 But a cup of Malaga sack
 Will fire the bush at his back.

HIPPLESLEY'S DRUNKEN-MAN.

SO, safe arrived at last; thanks to a strong brain, and a good understanding;—yes, pox on the dogs! they thought to have mastered me, by plying this leathern throat of mine with as much liquor, as though I had been an Alderman at a city feast; but honest Crispin of Cripplegate bit 'em, and came away with his budget full, and as sober as ever I'd wish to be. Betty, Betty, bring me a pot of half and half, but be sure you don't mix it.—Let's see, what have we got here?—Confound the backs of these chairs! they're always behind.—Hum.—What a d—mn'd candle's this, one can hardly extinguish the Morning Herald from the Morning Post only by its crowing:—hah! (*reading*) 'Saturday and Sunday's posts—It is said that Doctor Banks and Mr. Sal-a-mander, will by command of her Majesty, undertake a voyage round'—hum—'—the bum dress of the present month;' ah! and 'orders are received at the Victualling - Office accordingly, for a supply of thirty-six months provisions.'—hum—'We hear from Carlisle, that as a great parsonage was going in his chariot to Windsor—he fell asleep with the candle burning in his hand, and set fire to the bed cloaths;' Ay, that might happen through the carelessness of the driver. So, 'Whitehaven,—Yesterday arrived here from Philadelphia, with dispatches on board—the most violent storm of thunder and lightning ever remembered.' Pshaw! that's nothing but bam upon the ministry. 'Yesterday morning about three o'clock this afternoon, a fire broke out in an empty house, and entirely consumed all the furniture; an elderly middle ag'd woman coming by at the same time, fell into a cinder scieve and was drowned. Saturday morning about four o'clock in the afternoon, a woman was committed to Bridewell, by John Wilding, Esq; for

‘ barbarously scraping her bastard child to death with
 ‘ oyster shells : ‘first murder of the kind I ever heard
 of.—“ Foreign news, Piccadilly, Aug. the 34th, Yest-
 erday a women was safely delivered of a fine boy, with
 a wooden leg.” Oh ! this is all d—mn’d lies this can
 never be true.—*Lights the pipe, &c.*) I went to see a
 friend of mine t’other day he’s a coachman in a gen-
 tleman’s family, and he asked me to go to the play
 with him :—Play says I, why what play is it ?
 “ Why,” says he, “ ’tis King Hamlet and the Prince of
 Dunkirk ;” King Hamlet and the Prince of Dunkirk,
 says I, that can never be : for I have got all the Ro-
 man Emperor’s locked up in my closet, and I am sure
 there’s none of their names begins with an H, unless
 it is Titus Vashpasion.—So presently the Cook and
 Coachman got quarrelling, about who had travelled
 farthest ; and in the midst of the scuffle, the Cook tum-
 bles the Coachman into the dripping-pan ; now says
 the Coachman I may swear I have travelled farthest ;
 for I have travelled into Grease ; indeed so he had,
 for he was d—mn’d greasy.

I have three as fine children as any man would wish
 to stick a knife into : There’s my son Tommy, he is a
 fine scholar ; he writes two exceeding fine hands, one
 he cannot read himself, and the other nobody can read
 for him. Little Harry had a terrible accident hap-
 pened to him t’other day, turning round the corner
 of a street, he ran against a Lawyer, and has never
 been able to speak a word of truth since. Now there
 is my daughter Polly, she lives with an old parson ; she
 was so d—mn’d cunning t’other day, as to mend the
 parson’s stockings with white worsted ; so that the poor
 parson was forced to hop to the Church like a magpye.
 Where the Devil shall I hide my money to night, my
 Wife always searches for it ; I’ll put it in the Bible, she
 never looks there.—Why Betty, Betty, this son of a
 whore of a maid goes up stairs forty times a day, and
 never comes down again.— Tol de rol raro.

T O A S T S
A N D
S E N T I M E N T S.

OUR gracious master, and that heavenly constellation of female excellence, the mistress of England. Our country, and may it continue to be the land of liberty to the end of the world.

Impartial justice and no partial oppression.

Harmony all over the world.

Love and opportunity.

May every day be happier than the last.

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.

Love without fear, and life without care.

Good luck till we are tired of it.

Better luck yet.

The woman we love and the friend we dare trust.

May our hearts have for tenants, truth, candour, and benevolence.

May our pleasant thoughts be gilt with modest expressions.

Love in a cottage and envy to none.

The friends to the Royalty Theatre.

May we learn to be frugal before we are obliged to be so.

The honest fellow, who loves his bottle at night and his business in the morning.

The cause of liberty throughout the world.

Virtue for a guide and fortune for an attendant.

May we be happy when alone, and cheerful when in company.

Success to the amicable society.

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